

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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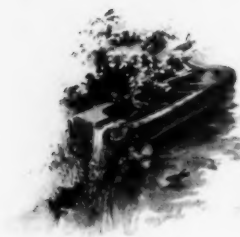


BY ETHEL PARTON.

*She was the only one who stayed —  
Betty the bound-girl, Farnaby's maid.  
(Lads and lasses, come hither and heed!)  
Her small hands toiled till their work was done,  
Her little brown feet disdained to run  
For Fire or Sword or Regular's gun!  
(And this is the ballad of Betty, her deed.)*

MIDMOST April and feel of the May,  
Balm in the air and joy in the day;

Workaday robins, courting at ease  
In the dawn-pink cloud of the blossoming trees;



"AT THE OX-TROUGH'S BUBBLING BRINK."

A bluebird, venturing nigh to drink  
At the homely ox-trough's bubbling brink.  
Within-doors, Betty, as blithe as a bird,  
Answered the whistles and calls she heard,—  
Pursing her little round mouth until  
"T was chirrup for chirrup and trill for trill!  
Gay little Betty! no one to-day  
To scold or hurry her: all away —  
All the folks but old Deborah Short  
Gone to a wedding in Newburyport.  
Old Aunt Short, who was left behind  
With her ninety years and her feeble mind,



"CHIRRUP FOR CHIRRUP, TRILL FOR TRILL!"

Quarreling orioles, Blinking and dozing, sunk in her chair—  
sunset drest, Left with the house to the bound-girl's care.  
Pilfering scraps for their swinging nest;  
Deft little Betty! She worked and sang  
Till the bright tins quivered, the rafters rang,  
And swooping suddenly into sight,  
Bright as the blue-fire noonday's height,



"BLINKING AND DOZING, SUNK IN HER CHAIR."

And she stopped for breath, while her red cheeks glowed—  
And—*Who's that comes o'er the rise o' the road?*

*Who rides so fast? and oh, what does he cry,  
That the folk turn out as he hastens by?*

She ran to the door, and the hoarse voice cried:

"Now, good folk, haste ye to fly or hide!

"For the Regulars come, and they come this way,  
And the word is *Pillage, and Burn, and Slay!*

"They're in Ipswich now, and the town fares ill;

There's red smoke rolling by Heartbreak Hill;

"And borne on the breezes  
came once and again  
The cracking of muskets  
and shouting of men—

"I heard as I hurried. They're  
coming! They're near!  
Fly, fly for your lives, for  
the British are here!"

Then, galloping onward, the  
weary white horse,  
With Panic at heel in his  
laboring course,

His heavy hoofs thudding  
the roll as he ran,  
Alarumed the wayside and  
roused every man.

Oh, wild was the terror he  
left as he sped;  
Each sound on the soft air came laden with  
dread!

The men ran to harness, the women to pack:  
They started and shrieked if a whip chanced  
to crack.



"FLINGING THE SILVERWARE INTO THE WELL."

A filly that whinnied turned brown faces pale,  
And voices cried, "Murder!" if one dropped  
a rail!

To saddle and pillion they scrambled pell-  
mell—  
First flinging the silverware into the well!



"OH, WILD WAS THE TERROR HE LEFT AS HE SPED!"

They loaded up wagons and mounted the pile;  
They lashed the poor horses for mile upon mile.

Big Jed, called the Bully, in frenzied alarm  
Was off with a spare-rib tucked under his arm

(Jed, Betty's worst torment, the scoffer at girls,  
Who laughed at her freckles and pulled her  
brown curls);

And flying o'er fences and leaping o'er streams  
(Such jumps as a  
sleeper takes  
breathless in  
dreams),

He ran for a  
mile, and  
another,  
and three,  
And climbed at  
the last to  
the top of  
a tree:



"HE RAN FOR A MILE."

Where unharm-  
ed, well  
provisioned,  
but quaking  
with fright,

He shivered and shuddered and chattered all  
night!

But Betty? Ah, Betty was not of that make—  
She stood to her post for old Deborah's sake.

With her heart in her throat, and her freckled  
cheeks white,  
She clung to the doorway and watched the  
wild flight—

Watched neighbors and friends as they passed  
her and fled,  
And called her to "Come!" while she shook  
her small head.

E'en when one drew rein as he galloped, and  
cried,  
"The mare 'll carry double! Up, Betty, and  
ride!"

Brave Betty, poor Betty, took one step—but  
one—  
Then back to the doorway, and bade him  
ride on,



"NOW, GOOD FOLK, HASTE YE TO FLY OR HIDE!"

While Aunt Debby's old voice whined, com-  
plaining and thin:  
"My pillow wants plumping; you, Betty, come  
in!"



She turned and went in, and to working once  
more:

She polished the tables, she scrubbed up the  
floor.

With work, hardest work, she held panic at  
bay;

Scoured tins, and feared death, through the  
long, dragging day.

*And that's all!*—all that happened: it was  
but a scare;

The fighting was fancy, the British were—  
air!

The farms lay unharried. Hours after, when  
came

The message of safety, with laughter and  
shame



"TROOPED MEN-FOLK AND GOODWIVES RETURNING."

Trooped men-folk and goodwives, returning Little Betty alone stood at setting of sun,  
to claim Tired, pale, but unshamed, with her day's  
Homes abandoned in terror at sound of a name! work done!

*It was not cowards alone who fled,  
Trembling bullies like braggart Jed;  
(Lads and lasses, 't were well to heed!)  
Men who soon, ere the summer was done,  
At Bunker Hill bore the patriot gun  
Ran that day, when she would not run —  
And this is the ballad of Betty, her deed!*



## HIS FATHER'S PRICE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

"COME, Wat; be yare\* with thy dues, man, and do na keep me waiting, or I shall be late to nonemeat."†

The speaker was a stout fellow in a coarse surcoat of sky-blue banded with gold. He wore a short sword at his belt, and the brim of his gray felt cap was caught up at the side with a metal badge in the shape of a red-legged Cornish chough, or crow. He was leaning upon an ashen stave, shod with iron at the tip, and he frowned impatiently as he looked after the knot of men-at-arms and servitors further down the winding road among the straggling huts.

They were the men of the lord's reeve or steward, gathering the quarter's rental from that strip of Wensleydale held in villeinage‡ by the Lords Scroope of Bolton Castle. They drove before them sheep and cattle, swine, goats, and two stout hackneys laden with poultry, cheese, grain, and vegetables. The lord's reeve himself bestrode a solemn little ass with brass-buckled trappings and coarse housings of blue and gold. Behind him jolted three clumsy carts weighed down with corn. This and all that went before was the Lammastide§ dues of the tenants upon the manor lands.

"Come, Wat, thy dues," again cried the man-at-arms, waxing wrathful at the delay. "I 'll bide thy foolishness no longer."

The man to whom he spoke stood sullenly at the threshold of a wattled hut, in some things better than the rest. He was a bull-necked, ruddy-cheeked fellow, with crisply curling yellow hair, and a thick, short beard that was tinged with red. His shoulders were so broad that they fairly filled the low door behind him, and darkened the dirt-floored room; and his sunburnt wrists were round as the branches of a beech-tree. His short upper lip was drawn back bitterly, showing his strong white teeth when he spoke. His voice was full and bluff.

\* Ready. † An afternoon meal. ‡ Rent service. § About the 1st of August. || Rent. ¶ Estate. \*\* Knowest.

"I have told thee that I am beholden for naught to Sir Richard," said he, shortly; "and told thee time and again until I am weary. Go after thy master, and tell him the same. Thou 'lt get no corn, nor eels, nor barley-straw from me, so brouke I my neck! And that is the long and the short of it."

"What? How now?" cried the reevesman, hotly, turning about. "Haro, haro! Master Joscelyn! The rascal saith he will na pay!"

At his shout the lord's reeve turned, and with short orders to the rest, came jouncing back with three sturdy fellows at his ass's heels.

"How now, Wat Faulconer?" he said, sharply, for he was a shrewd man. "Art thou gone raving luniac? Where is thy duty?"||

The villager doffed his cap, but spoke up stoutly as ever, "My duty is in Coverham Abbey bins, Master Joscelyn, where it belongeth, and nowhere else. I told thee this before, and shall na tell it again."

"I have naught to do with Coverham Abbey bins," said the lord's reeve, sourly, with a frown. "Thou art beholden to my lord, Sir Richard, for homestead, plow-land, and three holdings in his demesne¶ fields; and thy dues are payable this day, to me hereupon, as the lord's steward of Bolton Castle, without gainsaying. Therefore pay, or thou shalt dearly abide the lack."

"Now I rede thee well, Master Joscelyn Du Feu," said the other, very slowly, with a sparkle of red anger kindling deep in his blue eyes. "Free was I born, and freeman am I, and in so much as good as thou. Thou wost\*\* well that I hold my homesteading and my land of Coverham Abbey, and owe no due or service in villeinage to thy lord. Pass by, and lat me be."

The reeve turned lobster-red.

"What—how?" cried he, scowling. "Words from thee, dog?"

"Words, or anything that thou wilt but rentals that I do not owe," said the villager, stubbornly. "I hold of the abbey, and to the abbey I pay. If the holding be wrong, it is for the abbey and thy master to settle, not for thee and me."

"Thine holding and thine abbey be hanged!" cried the reeve. "This land is my lord's, and thy duty is his. Now pay it, on thine ears, or thou shalt pay it with thy skin."

The four men-at-arms stood round about the stout-backed villager, grasping their staves. He

trash, and bought his lordship like a huxter in the streets of York."

"Thou false-mouthed lurdan!"† cried one of the men-at-arms, aiming a fierce blow with his heavy staff as he spoke.

Faulconer dodged the humming staff with wonderful swiftness, and, jumping in as it whistled past his head, struck the fellow under the ear such a blow with his fist that he dropped as if felled by a sledge-hammer, and rolled twice over and over in the dirt.

The other three let drive at once, but two fell



"I TELL THEE THAT I OWE THEE NAUGHT!" THE VILLAGER EXCLAIMED.

shifted his footing so that he faced them all, squaring his shoulders doggedly, and clenching his hard, brown fists.

"I tell thee that I owe thee naught, and naught shalt thou get of me, so brouke I my neck! And if I owed thy lord hand-, land-, lip- or life-service, he should have none of them from me. He hath his price like a chapman's\*

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\* Peddler's.

short, and only burned the air. The staff of the third caught the villager across the nape of his neck, and he dropped in a heap, half stunned.

The fellow that he had knocked down sprang up with a curse, and seeing him down, whipped out his short sword, and would have stabbed him as he lay, but his comrade caught his arm.

"Hold hard there, Adam!" cried the reeve.

† Blockhead.

"No more of that, if thou hast usage for thine ears. Sir Richard will not have the dale a shambles like thy London town."

"The rascal struck me," panted the man-at-arms, striving to be loose.

"'T is what Sir Richard feeds thee for," answered the reeve, with a grim smile. "Hold hard, I rede thee, or thou 'lt catch it all the worse. Sir Richard is a stern man, but a just withal, and will have none of thy snap-judgments heading off his manor-court. Here, Jehan, bind the fellow's arms, and see well to it; he cometh to."

"What of his duty, master?" asked the man-at-arms who stood within the paling fence, eyeing a straw-bound beehive with a hungry eye. "This hath been a master-fine summer for honey; and there be flitches here upon the hooks inside that bite me where I live!"

"To that I will see hereafter," said the reeve; "dues are little things, I wot,\* to what the dog hath said of Sir Richard. A man with a price—his lordship bought! Marry, but his tongue shall cost him dear! Ay, thou muckle-headed fool," said he, turning upon Wat Faulconer, who was now upon his feet, fast bound, and dizzy from the blow that knocked him down, "thy silly tongue hath wrung thine own neck. Thou 'lt dance on wind before to-morrow night, or my name 's not Joscelyn Du Feu!"

A few gaping children followed them a little way. Some one or two shock-headed villeins† looked stolidly up from their toil, and then went sulkily on, sweating at their tasks. They held their own tongues; what matter was it of theirs if their neighbor could not hold his? Faulconer's folly was Faulconer's own fault, not theirs; and so Faulconer might himself abide the upshot.

In those days the bridle-path from Bolton Castle to Leyburn followed the Ure down to Wensley way. There it turned from the marshy land and ran along the slopes below the steep heights of what is now known as "the Shawl."

Upon the grassy top of one of the knolls below the Shawl, a party of sturdy boys were lying idly in the sun, herding the cattle and the sheep upon the manor commons. Some were

munching wild mallows, others only stared lazily up into the blue, unclouded English sky. Just beyond, upon a little ridge, one hawk-eyed lad stood bolt upright, half hidden by a clump of haw, looking keenly out across the valley below. Dark woods and sunny fallows, shining becks and checkered fields of yellow stubble, lush green meadow-land and faintly trampled roads, filled all the fair dale at his feet. Five miles west the towers of Bolton Castle shone in the glowing light. Two miles south loomed up the dark walls of Middleham Keep,‡ awaiting the coming of Warwick the King-Maker. And far away in the east proud Jervaulx Abbey slumbered in the sun.

But it was not the fair landscape that the hawk-eyed youngster watched.

"Ss-sst!" he hissed sharply. "Ss-sst! Here cometh a drowsy monk at a snail's pace!"

The rest sprang up and crouched behind the scattered haws, each clamping a hard, round ball of tough red clay upon the tip of a springy hazel wand he held in his hand.

The traveler rode but slowly, though his fiery black horse caracoled and fretted, danced from side to side, and shied at even the shadows of the ravens flying overhead. The rider's hood was pulled about his face to shield his eyes from the blinding sun. His head was bent, and he seemed to study a parchment roll he held between his hands, winding it up with one as he unwound it with the other, holding his bridle-rein between his teeth, and swaying loosely in his high saddle.

"That is no monk," said the leader of the mischief-makers. He was a sturdy-limbed, stout-bodied, broad-shouldered lad of a dozen years, with tangled, sunburnt hair, and a wide red mouth that was smiling half the time. "See, he wears ray-cloth§ under his hoddens|| cloak. 'T is some poor clerk who seeketh orders at Coverham priory, or service with Lord John Neville."

"That is a Bolton horse," said one.

"Then 't is no clerk; Sir Richard can write himself. It must be some scurvy lawyer come from York to hatch some new dishonor. Let him have it when he wins¶ the crooked elm. Not yet, not yet!" he whispered, holding up a warning hand. "Wait till I bid. Ye under-

\* Think.

† Laborers.

‡ Castle.

§ Striped-cloth.

|| Undyed-wool.

¶ Reaches.

threw Daw Miller half an arrow-flight a while ago, and he made off with not a clod to his stingy poll. Yare, now! Ready, one—two—three!"

The hazel wands sung in the air, and the hard clay balls went whistling and humming down the hillside like angry hornets.

Three struck the horseman fairly upon the side. One tore his hood from his head, and another stung his horse in the flank. The rest went hurtling into the underwoods beyond. The startled horse plunged wildly, nearly unseating his rider, and jerking the bridle-rein from between his teeth. He lost his stirrups and it seemed as if he must be thrown. But, digging his long spurs under the girths, he thrust the parchment roll into the open pouch at his girdle, caught the bridle, and reined the snorting animal back to a foot-pace with an iron hand, not so much as a look of surprise altering his stern, pale face. He lifted his keen, dark eyes swiftly to scan the hilltop; but there was not so much to be seen as a sparrow in the thorn. The moment he turned to the road again, however, another volley of clay whizzed about his ears. One heavy piece struck him fairly in the forehead, half blinding his eyes. He set his teeth, and the color fled from his haughty lips; but he gave no more sign of discomposure than to spur his restive horse forward to the sheltering beeches under the lee of the hill.

"It is a clerk, a craven abbey lob!"\* cried one of the lads, rising from his hiding-place. "Why, the coward could na even fetch a word!"

"Nay," answered the leader, with a shadow on his face; "that was no coward riding there. A coward would have yelped ten thousand times. The fellow neither cried out, nor growled, nor yelped for a saint. He held to his way as if the wind had only whistled shrewdly in his ears. That was a man. We fools have hawked at an eagle. I wish we had na thrown at him! He bore him so stout-heartedly I would we had na clodded him at all!"

"Poh!" jeered one; "thy knees are weak! Of what art thou afraid?"

"Not of thy gibes, as thou knowest full well; but, lads, that was a dirty trick upon a right good fellow."

"Good fellow? Fie! A gray old rat that I might drub myself."

"Ay, Jehan, thy boast is just the height of the hill, no more. Yon fellow's was a heart stouter than thine ever will be the longest day that thou livest."

"What—how? Were he but here, I'd show thee!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there came a crash in the copse behind them. They heard the hiss of a whip, and a horse plunged through the tangled haws into their very midst.

They looked—one look—and ran, like rabbits to their burrows, into the brush and down the hill as fast as their legs could carry them.

One stood his ground.

His head spun round, and his eyes were dazed. He looked up, but all he saw was the blurred, black mass—a horse and man against the shining sky.

He was dizzy, and his heart grew sick as he remembered Blind Watty, whose eyes were lost from a blow of the whip of old Sir Hugh Malvoisin, and little Gib, the miller's son, whose arm was never straight again after Rafe Neville's varlet beat him so. The blood crept down out of his face as the dampness creeps from a cottage wall after rain. He was breathing very fast, but he did not move; and still looked up with a deadly fear in his face that was not cowardice.

Somewhere back in his wits he wondered dumbly if his father would draw the honey that afternoon, and if the blacksmith would give the knife he had promised him to the dirty lump who blew the bellows at the forge.

He drew a deep, long, bitter breath, and a wonder crept into his heart that he was not stricken down. He could feel his legs braced wide apart, and his bare toes gripping the warm sod. Then the dizziness cleared away, and he began to see—two cold, dark eyes reading his heart; gray, bristling brows, a high-arched nose, a blue, smooth-shaven chin, and a thin, pale mouth with stern, deep lines about it. Up in the roots of the silvered hair a patch of red clay stuck to a swollen lump. At sight of this the boy's heart stood still.

The "fellow" they had clodded was Sir

\* Dolt.

Richard Scroope, the lawyer lord of Bolton Manor. The lad turned sick, but did not flinch a hair. It is a strange English way, that, of taking one's dose and making no to-do!

Sir Richard's garb was dull in tone, but rich in stuff. His cloak and hood were fringed with miniver,\* although the day was warm. His ray-cloth surcoat was wine-color and blue. The closely girdled gaberdine† beneath it was of fine watchet-blue,‡ with a broad band of shimmering cloth of gold. His strong white hands were bare, but his legs were covered with double-thonged cockers§ of russet cordovan from ankle to mid-thigh. His spurs were heavily gilded, and he wore a short double-edged Sheffield dagger.

"Art thou one of those who did this unto me?" he asked, in a stern hard voice.

"Ay," replied the boy huskily.

"Who set ye on to do this thing?"

"No one, sire."

"No lies to me, knave! Who set ye on?"

"I havenalied." The boy's voice quivered.

"Why did ye do it, then?"

The lad made no reply. He was wondering if the rest had gotten away safe; wondering that he was still alive—and if it were not all a dream that the lord baron was asking him why.

"Dost hear me, knave?" said Sir Richard.

"Yea, sire."

"Then why dost thou not answer?"

"For marvel that I may, sire," replied the boy.

A queer look came into Sir Richard's stern eyes at that, and he looked even more shrewdly than before at the upturned, sunburnt face, honestly fearful, yet unafraid. "Then why did ye do this cowardly thing? Speak, knave; my time is shorter than my temper with thee!"

\* Mixed fur.

† Coat.

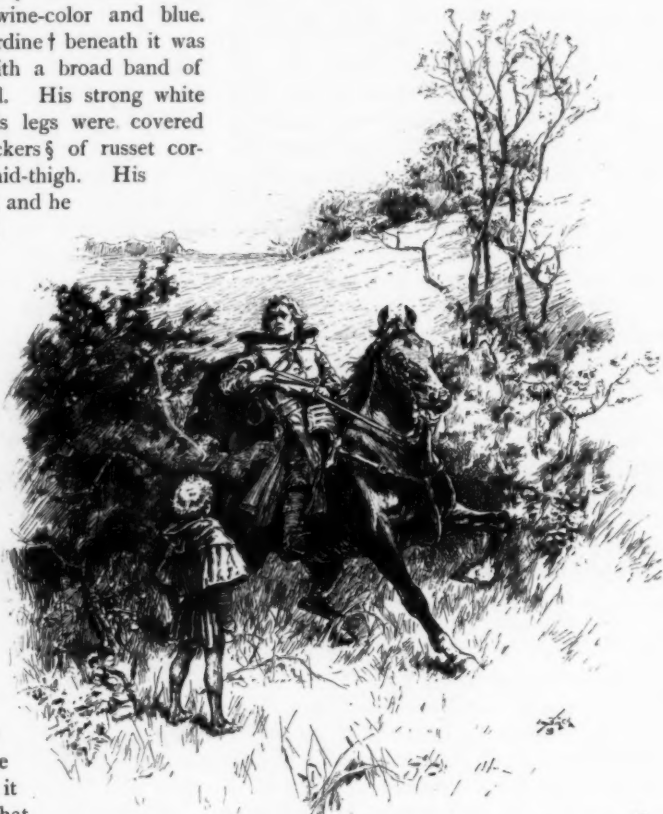
‡ Sky-blue.

§ Boots.

At the word "cowardly" the lad flushed. "For sport, sire," he replied.

"For sport!" cried Sir Richard sternly. "This?"—and as he spoke he pointed meaningly to his swollen forehead.

"That was your end of the game, sire, not



"MY FATHER HAS NA CLODDIED THEE," THE BOY REPLIED. "THE FAULT IS MINE, NOT HIS." (SEE PAGE 541.)

ours," said the boy, stoutly, and with a certain sense of humor.

The dark eyes gleamed queerly again. "Ye knew not who I was, perchance?"

"Not then, sire; but now right well, my lord baron."

"If thou hadst known me thou wouldst never have thrown."

"Ay, but I would, with a right good will," answered the boy, doggedly; "but I would not

now for a gold rose-noble!"\* As he spoke he threw back his head.

"How now?" said the baron, sharply. "Why not?"

"Because ye bore yourself as a right lord baron should!" cried the boy, looking up frankly, though choking a little as he spoke.

A grim smile twitched at the corners of the baron's iron mouth on that blunt reply, and a sparkle of satisfaction lighted his haughty eyes. Little used to such fair, plain speech from either young or old, the boy's pluck struck his fancy.

"What is thy name?" he asked.

"Walter, sire."

"Doubtless; but whose son art thou?"

The boy looked up with a glance of sharp distrust, and did not reply. Sir Richard's mouth set harshly again.

"Answer me, thou froward rogue! What is thy father's name?"

The boy's lips whitened, but he did not speak.

"It were better for thee to answer me," warned the knight, gathering his bridle as he spoke.

The boy's heart sank, and his face grew pale.

"My father has na clodded thee," he replied, huskily. "The fault is mine, not his."

Sir Richard's eyes were full of queer looks that day, but never more than then. "Thou stubborn knave!" quoth he, shortly. "Thy father fathered thee—that is enough. Here, stand thou at my stirrup-leather."

The boy obeyed, trembling.

"Lay hold," said he. The boy laid hold upon the leather.

"Now follow where I ride, upon thy life."

And so they fared to Bolton Castle.

The morning wind blew cool from off the moors, lazily flapping the heavy banner upon its tall ash stave above the keep. A trumpet blared upon the walls, and at the same instant, with a creak and a rattle, the draw sunk slowly at the western gate. A thin group of tenants from outlying holdings of the manor, with petty wrongs to be righted, pressed forward through the court to the doors of the castle hall, where they were stopped by men-at-arms with staves, to await the pleasure of the lord baron. In-

side, near the door, at a heavy oak table, sat the under-clerk, with tally-roll, goosequills, and inkhorn, to take the names of those concerned in matters there, and summon each in turn. At the further end of the long hall, upon a raised place, with his chief clerk near him at a table-bench with manuscripts and seals, the baron sat in a tall-backed oak chair, wrapped in a cloak of dark serge over an undercoat of blue and gold. Beside him stood his steward with his wand, while waiting near at hand was the sturdy turnkey.

"You have the young knave safe at hand?" asked the baron.

"Yea, sire; a sullen dog. He hath not spoken once since he was put in keep, though I withheld his bread and meat therefor."

"And hath he had nothing to eat, then?"

"Not a bite, sire, since yesternoon; the stubborn oaf!"

"Then thou shalt forfeit five silver pence," said Sir Richard, sternly. "I have told thee I will have naught but justice here. And, Master Du Feu, bear this in mind henceforth, that thou art but gaoler and not judge of Bolton Manor; and that in thus overstepping thy place thou dost ill service."

The steward bit his lip in silence.

"Bring me in this young knave," said the baron.

He was speedily brought, and stood there in silence, with his head downcast, and his hands clenched one within the other behind him.

The baron leaned forward upon the arms of his chair, his dark eyes keenly reading the boy.

"Who were they with thee when this thing was done?" he asked abruptly.

The boy started, clenched his hands a little tighter, but made no answer.

"Find thy tongue, thou whelp!" growled the steward, in an undertone. The boy looked up. His face was very pale, partly from hunger. "I was their leader, sire," he said, and with that stopped.

"I did not ask who led them, knave, but who the rascals were."

"I shall na tell," faltered the lad. "I led them."

"Then all the blame is to fall upon thy head, is it?" demanded the baron, sharply.

\* An old English coin.

"I do na ken," was the only response. "I led them on."

"Why didst thou not lead them off, then, when they ran?" asked Sir Richard, grimly.

The boy flushed faintly, but said nothing.

"Wert thou not afraid?"

"Yea, sire."

"Fool!" muttered the steward. "Dost want yon jailer to find thy tongue?"

"I shall na tell," was the lad's only reply, though his lip trembled.

The baron leaned back in his chair, eying the boy curiously and not unkindly, with his chin sunken in his breast, his closed right hand upon



"HE STOOD THERE IN SILENCE, WITH HIS HEAD DOWNCAST, AND HIS HANDS CLENCHED BEHIND HIM."

"Then if afraid why didst thou not run?" The boy looked up, and shook the hair out of his eyes. "It is na cowardly to be afeard."

"But it is to run. Is that it?"

The lad hung his head.

"Come," again demanded the baron, "who were with thee when ye did this foul trick?"

"I shall na tell," replied the boy, in an almost inaudible tone.

his mouth, and with one finger outstretched lying along his cheek. Then he beckoned to the steward. "Art certain of what thou toldest me last evening?" he asked in a low tone.

"As certain, my lord baron, as I am that day is not night."

"In truth," said Sir Richard, studying the boy, "there doth seem some resemblance."

"They are as like as dog and whelp, sire."

There is no doubt; the man Faulconer is the father of this young knave, and one is just as stubborn as the other."

"Yet he doth deny the boy?"

"Yea, sire; he voweth he hath never seen the knave in all his life before. He feareth, my lord baron, that ye will visit his misdoing upon his son's head. They love their kind, these common dogs."

"T is no bad trait—in common dogs!" muttered the baron, bitterly. "I would it were less common, and more frequent." He looked half wistfully about the lonely hall. "Doth the knave know that his father is taken?"

"No, sire."

For a moment the baron mused in silence, and then spoke up bluntly: "Knave, what is thy father's name?"

The boy caught his breath with an audible gasp, but, as before, made no reply, only twining his fingers more tightly together.

"Speak, thou stubborn lout!" cried the steward, shaking him roughly by the shoulder.

"Maister Du Feu," said the baron, shortly, "leave be until I ask thy help. Come, knave, thy father's name. I've asked thee over often."

"But it was I who threw the clods," protested the boy, with a sob in his voice.

"That I know full well," replied the baron. "What I ask is what I asked yesterday; and I will be answered now. Who is thy father?"

"Sire," cried the boy, suddenly straightening up, and turning very pale, "what hath my father to do with this matter? He knew naught of it, and had no hand in it. It was I threw the clods, and I will stand to it."

"Thou hast not answered what I asked," said the baron, menacingly.

"I will na tell thee who my father is," was all the boy replied.

The baron's mouth was very grim. "We shall see," said he. "Bring in the man."

They brought him in. His arms were tightly bound, and his feet were shackled, but for all that his eyes flashed wrathfully, and he looked from side to side like a caged wolf seeking a chance of escape. But when he saw the boy standing there, he turned suddenly pale, and groaned aloud.

The boy had followed the steward with a

wild stare; but when the men-at-arms came in, he put his hands before his face, and leaned against the wall.

Sir Richard turned in his high chair, and looked from one to the other under his knitted brows. Except in size, the two were as like each other as two peas out of a pod—stout-legged, broad-shouldered, strong-necked, and fair of hair.

"Stand forth, thou," commanded the baron, sternly. They pushed Faulconer forward, and the baron looked bitterly upon him. Faulconer's face was pale, but his eyes were fearless, and his teeth were set with bull-dog obstinacy.

"What are the charges against this man?"

"My lord baron," said the steward, sourly, "the fellow hath thrice refused his rentals on the false ground that he hath his holding of Coverham Abbey. He hath insolently affronted your reeve; hath stricken Adam Fletcher, the London yeoman, to the earth; and, furthermore, my lord baron, he hath foully slandered and belied yourself, sire, saying in so many words—I crave your pardon for saying them at all—that you have your price like a chapman's wares in the streets of York, and have been bought at your own price. To this, my lord baron, Adam Fletcher, Long Hugh, Jehan Attwoode, and Roger Clough are witness."

The baron straightened icily in his chair, and turned upon Faulconer. "Dost know," said he, "that for these thine offenses against my servants and myself I may declare thee attainted, make of thee a wolf's-head, an outlaw, and doom thee to death?"

A sharp cry was heard. On hearing the baron's words, the boy, who had been listening as one astounded, sprang to his father's side, and threw his arms about him, sobbing outright, and crying, "Daddy, daddy, daddy!" as if his heart would break.

"Watty, my heart's root, my boy!" choked the father, trying vainly to touch the lad with his pinioned hands, "Stand away, stand away!"

"And with thee," continued the baron, "I may condemn and outlaw thine offspring and thy kin unto the last and least of thy blood."

"Stand off, Watty; stand away!" groaned Faulconer. "They shall na doom thee for my doing."

"And I thought they took thee, daddy, for the thing I did to him," sobbed the boy.

"Nay; stand away!"

"I will na leave thee, daddy. Thou art all I have."

"Thou shalt leave me, Watty,—my son, my son, I tell thee to stand away!" choked Faulconer, a tear trickling down his drawn face.

"Nay, stand ye up together," cried the baron, grimly, with a strange look in his eye; "for I know ye now for father and son beyond all shadow of a doubt; and as father and son, for your offenses, I shall do unto ye as I will."

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" cried Faulconer, now for the first time totally unnerved.

"Out of the measure of your offenses will I mete judgment upon you," said the baron, slowly, while the great hall grew suddenly still.

"In the matter of rental, however, it pleaseth me to go no further. Since Sir John Neville hath acknowledged my title clear to the land in question, I shall vacate my holding therein to the abbey, for the sake of peace, and let thy dues, though fairly owed to me, stand quit through payment to the abbey."

The clerk made note of the decision.

"For thine affront unto my master-steward thou shalt be amerced\* five silver pence," (the steward smiled), "but as five pence doth just offset the five held forfeit from his wage, there need be neither give nor take," (the steward's face fell), "while as for Adam Fletcher's broken head, a stoup† of ale each day a week will make it whole again. But as to the rest, it is another matter," said the baron, sternly; "a matter which doth near concern mine honor and my house. And as thou hast judged me and mine, so now will I judge thee and thine."

"But he is my only son, my lord!" cried Faulconer, beseechingly, falling upon his knees.

"Hold thou thy peace!" commanded the baron, stretching out his hand imperatively. "In this court I am judge, justice, and advocate. Thou didst judge me unheard, and even so will I judge thee. And I tell thee thou shalt never lay thine hand to stilt‡ of plow or helve of ax again, nor thrust thy sickle through the standing barley in the fields. Nay, nor turn thy cattle loose on Lammassland, nor drive thy

swine to pannage§ in the woods. Thou hast called me a man with a price, and hast said that I am bought and sold; and for this thing I hold thy life within my hand, to do with as I choose. And I tell thee that thy pot hath called my kettle black, and smutted its own face; for thou art bought this day thyself, like a chapman's wares in the streets of York, and art become a man with a price, even as thou hast said I am."

A stir ran through the hall, a moving of feet, and a drawing of breaths.

"Thy son and thyself have this day forfeited your lives to me."

Walter Faulconer hid his face upon his father's breast, and held him in his arms.

"Thy son's life will I give thee for thyself, to be my man henceforth, as strong and stanch for me and mine as thou hast been against me, and to think as honestly of me as I have thought of thee."

Faulconer caught his breath like a swimmer coming up from under water.

"And thine own life will I give thee for thy son's sake, for his stoutness of heart, his honest love of thee, and his manliness withal, that I may have him in my household and by my side, to stand for me as faithfully as he hath stood for thee, to ward my head and guard my name as he hath this day warded thy name and guarded the heads of those who left him to be their scapegoat."

"Oh, my lord baron, my noble lord baron!" cried Faulconer, tears running down his cheeks.

"Nay," spoke up the baron, grimly. "Keep thy 'nobles' for men who have no price; they illy fit us two. And stand ye up together, Walter Faulconer, father and son. Loose him," he said. "My man art thou, and thou my knave, from this day forth forever. Ye shall wear the blue and gold, and bear the badge of the house of Scroope, and ye shall stand in mine own hall; for England hath a need of just such honest stubbornness—and so have I."

So the two Faulconers served Sir Richard Scroope to the end of his days right manfully, and his house afterward; and young Walter named his first son Richard after him.

Which is the end of the story.

\* Fined.

† Flagon.

‡ Handle.

§ Pasturage.



SPRING.

A DRAWING FROM NATURE, BY MISS M. A. COWLES.



THE PORCUPINE.

## THE PORCUPINE.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

AMONG our wild animals there are three that are slow-moving, dull-witted, and almost fearless—the skunk, the possum, and the porcupine. The two latter seem to be increasing in most parts of the country. The possum is becoming quite common in the valley of the Hudson, and the porcupine is frequently met with in parts of the country where it was rarely or never seen forty years ago.

When the boys in late fall now go cooning where I used to go cooning in my youth, the dogs frequently run on a porcupine or drive him up a tree, and thus the sport is interrupted. Sometimes the dog comes to them with his mouth stuck full of quills, and is then compelled to submit to the painful operation of having them withdrawn.

A sportsman relates that he once came upon a dead porcupine and a dead bald eagle lying upon the ground within a few yards of each other. The eagle had partly torn the porcupine to pieces, but in attacking it with its beak it had driven numerous spines of the animal into its throat, and from their effect had apparently died as soon as its victim.

The quill of a porcupine is like a bad habit: if it once gets hold it constantly works deeper and deeper, though the quill has no power of motion in itself; it is the live, active flesh that draws it in by means of the barbed point. One day my boy and I encountered a porcupine on the top of one of the Catskills, and we had a little circus with him; we wanted to wake him up and make him show a little excitement if

possible. Without violence or injury to him we succeeded to the extent of making his eyes fairly stand out from his head, but quicken his motion he would not—probably could not.

What astonished and alarmed him seemed to be that his quills had no effect upon his enemies; they laughed at his weapons. He stuck his head under a rock and left his back and tail exposed. This is the porcupine's favorite position of defense. "Now come if you dare," he seems to say. Touch his tail, and like a trap it springs up and strikes your hand full of little quills. The tail is the active weapon of defense; with this the animal strikes. It is the outpost that delivers its fire before the citadel is reached. It is doubtless this fact that has given rise to the popular notion that the porcupine can shoot its quills, which of course it cannot do.

With a rotten stick we sprang the animal's tail again and again, till its supply of quills began to run low, and the creature grew uneasy. "What does this mean?" he seemed to say, his excitement rising. His shield upon his back, too, we trifled with, and when we finally drew him forth with a forked stick, his eyes were ready to burst from his head. Then we laughed in his face and went our way. Before we had reached our camp I was suddenly seized with a strange, acute pain in one of my feet. It seemed as if a large nerve was being roughly sawed in two. I could not take another step. Sitting down and removing my shoe and stocking, I searched for the cause of the paralyzing pain. The foot was free from mark or injury, but what is this little thorn or fang of thistle doing on the ankle? I pulled it out and found it to be one of the lesser quills of the porcupine. By some means, during our "circus,"

the quill had dropped inside my stocking, the thing had "took," and the porcupine had his revenge for all the indignities we had put upon him. I was well punished. The nerve which the quill struck had unpleasant memories of it for many months afterward.

When you come suddenly upon the porcupine in his native haunts he draws his head back and down, puts up his shield, trails his broad tail, and waddles slowly away. His shield is the sheaf of larger quills upon his back, which he opens and spreads out in a circular form so that the whole body is quite hidden beneath it.

I once passed a summer night alone upon the highest peak of the Catskills, Slide Mountain. I soon found there were numerous porcupines that desired to keep me company. The news of my arrival in the afternoon soon spread among them. They probably had scented me. After resting awhile I set out to look up the spring, and met a porcupine on his way toward my camp. He turned out in the grass, and then, as I paused, came back into the path and passed directly over my feet. He evidently felt that he had as good a right to the road as I had; he had traveled it many times before me. When I charged upon him with a stick in my hand he slowly climbed a small balsam fir. I soon found the place of the spring, and, having dredged it and cleaned it, I sat down upon a rock and waited for the water to slowly seep in. Presently I heard something in the near bushes, and in a moment a large porcupine came into view. I thought that he, too, was looking for water, but no, he was evidently on his way to my camp. He, too, had heard the latest rumor on the mountain-top. It was highly amusing to watch his movements. He came teetering along in the most aimless, idiotic way. Now he drifted off a little to the right, then a little to the left; his blunt nose seemed vaguely to be feeling the air; he fumbled over the ground, tossed about by loose boulders and little hillocks; his eyes wandered stupidly about; I was in plain view within four or five yards of him, but he heeded me not. Then he turned back a few paces, but some slight obstacle in his way caused him to change his mind. One thought of a sleep-walker; uncertainty was stamped upon every ges-

ture and movement; yet he was really drifting towards camp. After a while he struck the well-defined trail, and his gray, shapeless body slowly disappeared up the hill. In five or six minutes I overtook him shuffling along within sight of the big rock upon which rested my blanket and lunch. As I came up to him he depressed his tail, put up his shield, and slowly pushed off into the wild grass. While I was at lunch I heard a sound, and there he was, looking up at me from the path a few feet away. "An uninvited guest," I said; "but come on." He hesitated, and then turned aside into the bracken; he would wait till I had finished and had gone to sleep, or had moved off.

How much less wit have such animals — animals like the porcupine, possum, skunk, turtle — that nature has armed against all foes, than the animals that have no such ready-made defenses, and are preyed upon by a multitude of enemies. The price paid for being shielded against all danger, for never feeling fear or anxiety, is stupidity. If the porcupine were as vulnerable to its enemies as, say, the woodchuck, it would probably soon come to be as alert and swift of foot as that marmot.

For an hour or more, that afternoon on the mountain top, my attention was attracted by a peculiar continuous sound that seemed to come from far away to the east. I queried with myself, "Is it the sound of some workman in a distant valley hidden by the mountains, or is its source nearer by me on the mountain side?" I could not determine. It was not a hammering or a grating or the filing of a saw, though it suggested such sounds. It had a vague, distant, ventriloquial character. In the solitude of the mountain top there was something welcome and pleasing in it. Finally I set out to try to solve the mystery. I had not gone fifty yards from camp when I knew I was near the source of the sound. Presently I saw a porcupine on a log, and as I approached the sound ceased, and the animal moved away. A curious kind of chant he made, or note of wonder and surprise at my presence on the mountain — or was he calling together the clan for a midnight raid upon my camp?

I made my bed that night of ferns and balsam boughs under an overhanging rock, where

the storm that swept across the mountain just after dark could not reach me. I lay down, rolled in my blankets, with a long staff by my side, in anticipation of visits from the porcupines. In the middle of the night I was awakened, and, looking out of my den, saw a porcupine outlined against the starlit sky. I made a thrust at him with my staff, when, with a grunt or grumble, he disappeared. A little later I was awakened again by the same animal, or another, and repelled him as before. At intervals during the rest of the night they visited me in this way; my sleep was by short stages from one porcupine to another. These animals are great gnawers. They seem to be

specially fond of gnawing any tool or object that has been touched or used by human hands. They would probably have gnawed my shoes or lunch basket or staff had I lain still. A settler at the foot of the mountain told me they used to prove very annoying to him by getting into his cellar or wood-shed at night, and indulging their ruling passion by chewing upon his tool-handles or pails or harness. "Kick one of them outdoors," he said, "and in half an hour he is back again."

In winter they usually live in trees, gnawing the bark and feeding upon the inner layer. I have seen large hemlocks quite denuded and killed in this way.



BY ANNA B. PATTEN.

WINTER-TIME has fled away,  
Spring has had her gentle sway,  
Summer surely must be near  
When the skipping-ropes appear;  
    With a skip, skip,  
    And a trip, trip,  
As thus we rise and fall;  
In yard and street  
The little feet  
Are coming to the call!

Oh, so many tricks to do  
That our mothers also knew!—  
"In the Front Door," "Baking Bread,"  
"Chase the Fox," and "Needle Thread."  
    With a skip, skip,  
    And a trip, trip,—  
For so the leader saith—  
With a hop, jump,  
And a thump, thump,  
Until you 're out of breath.



Hear the counting, sure and slow;  
To a hundred they must go.  
Not a hand or arm should swerve,  
While the rope describes its curve;

With a skip, skip,  
And a trip, trip,  
Until the task is done;  
With cheeks so red,  
And ruffled head,  
Bravo, my little one!



Boys may leap and vault so high,  
But none was ever known to try  
To master this soft, little spring  
That is so intricate a thing!

With a skip, skip,  
And a trip, trip.  
Oh, may I always hear  
That pit-pat-pit  
That seems to fit  
This blossom-time of year!



## THE PRIZE CUP.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

*[Begun in the November number.]*

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### A MERRY PORCH PARTY.

IN a moment more the bicycles were lying on the turf, and the bicyclers were mounting the porch steps.

"Let them in, Ida," Tracy hurriedly whispered. "I can't look them in the face."

"You must," said Ida, escaping from the room; "I can't be seen in this house rig."

"You may as well meet it, Tracy," said his mother.

So, putting on a resolute look, Tracy went to the front door.

"Come in," he said, "and tell us what luck you 've had."

"We can tell you here," Fred Melverton replied, in radiant good humor.

"We 've had great luck, thanks to you," said Canton Quimby.

"We 've found the cup," Fred added,—they were both so full of the good news that they told it together,— "and we 've got the thief in jail."

"You can't — you don't mean —" stammered Tracy, astounded.

"We have n't got the cup in hand," said Canton Quimby; "but we have located it — we know just where it is; and, as Melf says, we 've got one of the thieves in the lock-up. We shall have another there in an hour or two, if I can persuade Melf to do his duty."

Tracy stared, and demanded:

"How many are there, according to your reckoning?"

"Two, anyway," Fred answered positively. "Oscar Ordway had it in his possession; but it seems Gid Ketterell is an accessory,—probably after the fact,—and that he expects to share

the proceeds of the plunder. I have n't sworn out a warrant for him yet; but I left word with his mother, just now, that if he wants to wash his hands of a dangerous piece of business, he 'd better lose no time in coming to see me. Then she learned for the first time that I discharged him yesterday."

"And she was n't so much pleased as if she had had a fortune of a million dollars left her," said Canton Quimby, significantly. "He 'll wish himself in jail already when he falls into her clutches."

Tracy did not appear half so much elated as his friends thought he had reason to be.

"I 'm afraid — I don't understand — there 's a big mistake!" he murmured.

"It 's a mistake of the right sort — a mistake for the rogue that 's got caught," Fred Melverton replied, with unshaken gaiety.

He threw himself on a porch chair, while his friend sat upon the rail; and between them they gave an amusing account of their adventure, to which Tracy listened in mute amazement.

"We did n't find Judge Carter at home," Fred concluded, "so the Chief just took Osk to the cells for safe-keeping. But we did unearth a mason; and he is to go with us at one o'clock to break a hole in the base of the chimney. I 'm sorry for Osk, but then —"

"He must n't make too free with other people's prize cups, you know," struck in Canton Quimby. "Boys take a good many liberties; but there *is* a limit: we draw the line at silverware, Melf and I — especially silver won in a race by hard rowing. Is n't that the point, Melf?"

"It 's all too good!" exclaimed Tracy, rousing from a sort of dream. "It ought to be true. But I don't see through it — unless — do you miss anything else out of your house?"

"Not yet—I think I told you; though of course I don't know how many things may have been stolen," Fred replied, puzzled in his turn. "Why?"

"There must be something; for—look here."

Tracy turned to his mother, who was just then coming out of the house, with a countenance all smiles, bearing Midget in her arms, and holding up the prize cup in her hand.

Melverton hardly paused to greet Mrs. Lisle as he sprang to his feet. "What's that?" he exclaimed.

"If it is n't your lost cup, then I don't know what it is," she replied, holding it out to him.

"It is that—or it is magic!" he cried, in extreme surprise, taking it in his hand. "Where did it come from? Where has it been? Oh, Quimby," turning to his friend, "here's the game we've been chasing down Gran'sir Pudgwick's chimney!"

"I don't catch on!" Canton Quimby replied. "It must be an intoxicating cup, that makes everybody see double. Is there any answer to this enig—enigma?" completing the word out of respect to Mrs. Lisle's presence.

"I beg your pardon!" said Fred, suddenly remembering that he had not presented his friend, which he proceeded to do, with awkward abruptness. "I believe I've lost my wits. What is all this?" observing the bits of wilted grass that half filled the cup.

"I wish Laurie could speak and explain it," Mrs. Lisle replied, while Midget, knowing very well what the conversation was about, shyly hid his face in her neck. "For, I'm sorry to say, he is the rogue!"

"And our other two?" cried Melverton.

"Seems to be a pretty good day for rogues," said Canton Quimby.

"I don't know about the others," said Mrs. Lisle. "Tracy, tell them about Midget."

She herself rarely called the child by that name—never, indeed, except when he had shown himself extraordinarily mischievous.

And Tracy told. Melverton burst into shouts of laughter, while Canton Quimby shook with more quietly expressed convulsions.

"A bird's nest!" said Fred. "Oh, you dear, queer little Midget! You must give me a kiss for that!"

He held out his arms. Midget, perceiving the pleasant turn the affair was taking, leaped into them, with silent joyous laughter. Then, after a good hugging, he pointed to the cup, now in Tracy's hands, and repeated the words he had that morning learned—words that had made all who heard them so happy, and which he seemed to know would please his friend Fred no less:

"Cup—cup! Come—cup!"

As this part of the morning's experiences had been omitted from Tracy's story, Fred was filled anew with wonder and admiration. He danced about with the child, repeating with him the marvelous syllables, to Midget's great satisfaction as he watched the young man's lips and felt his throat, while Quimby looked on with keen enjoyment of the scene.

In the midst of which jubilation Ida appeared, lovely as a rose, and almost as red, having given a graceful twist to her hair and thrown a scarf about her neck; and the young minister followed, and there were introductions and congratulations, until a passer-by must have remarked that there was a livelier porch party at the old parsonage than it had ever known before, in the fifty years of its sober existence.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### GID KETTERELL CONFESSES.

THIS idea may have occurred to a strong-armed and stern-featured woman who was just then crossing the ravine from the Melverton place and ascending the slope in the direction of the merry voices. Leading by the coat-collar a reluctant youth who was much inclined to lag a step or two in the rear, she made her appearance below the house just as Fred was saying:

"But, Canton, we forget we have a fellow locked up for stealing the cup that was never stolen!"

"No matter," Quimby replied. "He has stolen something else—and very likely out of your house—if we can only find what it is."

"Here's somebody that perhaps can tell you," said Tracy, as Mrs. Ketterell dragged forward her unwilling son into full view.

There was a flush on the washerwoman's hard features and a green fire in her eyes as she stationed herself at the foot of the porch steps, still holding Gideon by his coat-collar. Her tawny mane, combed straight back over her head and down her neck, was badly frizzed and rumped, and helped to give her features a wild, ferocious aspect.

"Mr. Frederick," she began, "if you 'll pardon the intrusion, I've brought my boy here to make a clean breast of the bad job you spoke of; and if he lives, and I live, he 's going to tell

I give him a few extrys on account, so I sha'n't be running too much in his debt."

"Gideon is getting to be a big boy for discipline of that sort," Fred suggested.

"So indeed he is," said the mother; "but he ain't so big yet but what I can handle him with a spare finger or two kept in reserve for emergencies; and he hain't forgot the small taste of the wrong end of the whip he received wunst when he attempted to handle *me*. He was persuaded then to take his medicine in regular fashion, and be decent about it. Think



"'THE THING IN THE POCKET WAS THIS,' SAID FRED, HOLDING IT UP." (SEE PAGE 558.)

you the whole truth before ever he goes back to the home he has disgraced."

"If that is so—" began Melverton; then, turning to Mrs. Lisle and her daughter, he said apologetically, "I am afraid we are going to have a scene."

"It is most certainly so," said the washerwoman, her red knuckles turning white with the new grip she gave the boy's collar. "I don't whale him very often, but when I do I make up for neglected duties in that particular. I not only settle old scores with interest, but

of a youngster like him raising his hand against his own mother, ladies and gentlemen! But though, as I said, he done it wunst, he never done it twicet, the scapegrace! Will you tell the truth to your friend and benefactor, now?" she demanded, giving the said scapegrace a sharp wrench by the collar. "Say 'I will,' if you know what 's hullsome for your soul and body!"

"I will," said Gideon, promptly, with a shake in his voice not caused altogether by the twist his mother gave him. At the same time

he presented so lugubrious a countenance that Tracy felt immensely relieved as to any triumph his enemy was to gain over him, whatever the outcome of the situation.

"I am glad of that," said Fred Melverton; "for some things need very much to be explained. But"—turning again to the ladies—"this is hardly the place in which to conduct our inquiries."

"Indeed, I've sense enough to know that; and I'm begging Mrs. Lisle to excuse what may seem to be very ill manners. I went first to your place, Mr. Frederick; then, hearing your voice, I came directly here, in order to lose no time in bringing my boy to terms whilst a healthy terror was on him."

"That was right, Mrs. Ketterell," said Mrs. Lisle, approvingly. "Let him say right here what is to be said."

"And let it be the barefooted facts this time," said Canton Quimby.

Melverton, standing with his hands behind him, looking down over the porch rail at mother and son, addressed Gideon.

"You acknowledge that what you told me yesterday was not the truth?"

"Answer!" Mrs. Ketterell commanded him, as he hesitated. "Did you tell him whoppers?"

"I s'pose I did," mumbled Gideon.

"You know about the cider?" Fred queried.

"Yes," Gid answered; "but I did n't drink it. Osk Ordway made me go with him to the cellar, and he dranked the most of it."

"And did you find cider in the cellar of your friend and benefactor, and treat that miserable Osk Ordway with it?" cried the irate mother. "Lucky for your skin and scalp, I did n't know that before!"

Quitting her hold on his collar, she seized his ear, and gave it such a tweak as elicited from him a sharp yelp.

"If you please, Mrs. Ketterell," said Fred, with difficulty maintaining his gravity, while everybody else laughed, except the two most concerned, who saw no fun in the little comedy they were enacting. "So, Gideon, you let Osk into the house, did you?"

The boy was dumb again.

"Did you, or did you not?" said his mother, giving the ear another twist, with much the

same effect as if it had been a spigot by which she turned on his squeals.

"I did! I did!" yelled Gideon.

"If you please, Mrs. Ketterell!" Fred repeated, deprecatingly. "And the prize cup—you know something about that?"

"Will you speak, sir?" cried his mother.

She had taken her hand away; but the impulse to give the spigot another turn was so evident in her that Gideon dodged, and blurted out:

"I opened the drawer, and showed it to him: he made me do it. But I put it back, and that 's the last I saw of it—hope to die!" he vowed.

"And you don't know what became of it?"

"Sure 's I live! I thought Osk might have come that night and taken it, but he swears he did n't, and he wants to make me think it has n't been stole at all."

"Do you believe him?" Melverton demanded.

"Some o' the time I think I do, and then again I guess I don't; but as for knowing a thing about it, I'm as innocent as—as innocent as that child!" And Gideon, having found what he deemed a strong illustration, flung his elbow out toward Midget playing on the walk.

Fred repressed a smile, and said:

"Then what has Oscar kept hidden in the stovepipe in his gran'sir's shop?—the thing he has been so secret about, which you are to share the proceeds of, when it is sold?"

"I—don't—know—of—any—"

Gid had got so far in his stammered denial, when his mother interrupted him. The green fire was flaming up in her eyes as she said:

"Please, Mr. Frederick, may I take him by the flap of his ear again? It's the best way I know to wring a drop or two of the truth out of him," the expert in wringing added grimly.

Fred put her off with a wave of his hand.

"Gideon," he said, "you know very well that Oscar has carried home plunder of some kind, and hidden it in the stove-funnel; but perhaps you are not aware that he has landed in jail in consequence. Was it anything taken out of our house? I am waiting for you to clear yourself of complicity in that business."

"Will you?" said his mother.

"I will!" Gideon almost shouted, dodging her uplifted hand again. "It's nothing he took out of your house, or out of anybody's house. But he said he would kill me if I told."

"Tell, and be killed, then," said his mother. "You certainly will be killed if you don't."

And Gideon told.

"It's the phœbes' nest."

"The phœbes' nest?" exclaimed Melverton.

"He took that?"

"Yes, the very day I showed him the cup. I blamed him for it, and told him he would get prosecuted, and scared him so he promised to put it back on the stones, under the bridge. But he just hid it in the bushes, and went back for it in the evening, and carried it home, and got Wint Allston to come and see it, and offer him half a dollar for it. Wint has a permit for taking nests and birds, and he is making a collection. Then Osk tried to sell it for more to Tom Hatch. I was to have half he got for it, 'cause I knew of his taking it, and he had got me turned off from my place."

"Is all that satisfactory?" Mrs. Ketterell inquired. "For if there's more to come out of him, we're bound to fetch it."

"It is tolerably satisfactory, as far as it goes," Fred replied. "But we have n't got at the bottom facts yet. Eh, Quimby?"

"That Ordway rapsallion," remarked the Yale junior, "is an artesian well of deception, and we have n't begun to fathom him. 'T was n't a mere bird's nest he was so excited about. I believe now he was laughing in his sleeve all the time at having led us on a false trail."

"The trouble will be to get on the right one," Fred answered. "He was a pretty fellow for you to let into the house!"—turning sharply on Gideon. "Then for you to leave a window unfastened! And that drawer—it does n't seem now as if that could have been locked."

"I've been thinking about that," said Gideon; "and I ain't dead sure but what I may have put the key back where I found it, without locking the drawer. I remember Osk took it out of the lock and handed it to me, at the last minute. And I may have left that window unclasped. I was so excited by Osk Ordway's

being in the house, and getting the cider, and I was in such a hurry to have him out, I got all mixed up, and did n't know what I did do, or what I did n't do."

"And was your beautiful prize cup took in consequence of his neglect?" the indignant washerwoman demanded.

"By his own account, it was through his fault that it was lost," Fred replied. "But I am glad to say he was not concerned in taking it."

"But he is responsible," cried the mother, while her impatient hand started for Gid's ear, but stopped at his coat-collar. "And let me say to you, Mr. Frederick, if hard work will pay you for your loss, he shall work it out, if I have to stand over him with a whip, all the rest of the summer."

"It is something money could n't pay for," said Fred.

"Hear that now, will you?" Mrs. Ketterell exclaimed.

"I'm—so—sorry!" whined the contrite Gideon.

"There'll be no need of your spending the summer in the way you propose," Fred smilingly assured the mother. "The cup has been found."

At the same time Mrs. Lisle held the goblet up to the light, and Midget, who had been playing about the porch, but observing slyly all that was going on, took up his joyous cry:

"Cup—cup! Come—cup!"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### OSK IN COURT.

ASTONISHMENT at this double revelation served to modify the washerwoman's wrath. She prepared to depart.

"And do you want my boy to take care of your place any more?" she asked.

"I rather think you had better find some other sphere of usefulness for him," Melverton replied, to Tracy's very great satisfaction. "I may want one thing of him, however,—to appear as a witness in the matter of the nest robbery, before Judge Carter, this afternoon."

"You shall have him!" said Mrs. Ketterell, with grim resolution, as she gave a final clutch

at the lapel of her son's coat, and led him away.

"I 'm wondering," remarked Fred Melverton, at Mrs. Lisle's dinner-table, "just what I'd better do with the fellow I've got locked up on a mistaken charge."

"It might be an awkward posish," said Canton Quimby — "position," quickly revising his language to suit his audience, and blushing under the merry look Ida gave him. "But you have n't entered your complaint yet; and when he comes up before the justice, you've only to switch off from the wrong charge upon the true one."

"I really think he ought to be made an example," observed Mr. Walworth.

"No doubt," said Melverton. "But the worst of it is, there'll be a fine, which somebody will have to pay for him."

"Too bad to have it fall on the old chimpiler — I mean his respectable grandparent," Quimby hastened to correct himself, under Ida's laughing eyes. "But he says he won't pay any more fines for him."

"He has said that before, and then paid them," Fred replied, consulting his watch. "But I shall try to hold him to his resolution this time. Sorry to leave your table so abruptly, Mrs. Lisle; but an engagement with the mason, and other disagreeable duties — I'd a great deal rather stay here," he laughed with a humorously reluctant look at Quimby.

"Can't we let the mason — and justice — wait?" his friend replied. "I don't want to leave this spot." He glanced from Mrs. Lisle to Ida, with a smile of frank enjoyment. "But I'm glad of one more chance to look into that impostor's soul — if he has one. There's a fascination in the fellow's eyes. Do you remember how they blazed at his gram'er, Melf, when the poor old creature wished to fetch his 'better-most' coat?"

"There'll be a lively time when we have him up before Judge Carter," Fred said. "Come around to the police court in about an hour, Tracy, if you want to see the fun."

The appointment with the mason was kept, the base of the chimney was broken into, in the presence of Gran'sir Pudgwick, Chief Hazel, and the two young men; and the phoebes' nest,

still in its newspaper wrapping, was taken out. The delicate eggs were broken, but the nest itself was in good condition.

Canton Quimby was so thoroughly convinced that this was not the only object purloined and concealed by the same hands, that he made a thorough search amidst the soot and rubbish of the chimney, and afterward reexamined the stovepipe and the flue in the shop above; but nothing further was brought to light.

"I 'm afraid," he said to Melverton, "that that precocious master of craft has beaten us."

Arraigned before the village magistrate, that afternoon, in a small court-room adjoining the lock-up in the basement of the town house, Osk Ordway, with amazing effrontery, derided the charge of nest robbery, even when the nest was produced in evidence. But at the calling of an unexpected witness his manner changed.

Gideon Ketterell was sworn.

Gid gave his testimony in terror of the vengeance threatened by Osk's eyes, and also of another pair flashing greenish fire upon him from under a heavy mane of tawny hair beneath one of the barred windows of the court-room. To the embarrassed and unwilling witness the fear of the second pair of eyes was, for good and wholesome reasons, the greater.

Gideon told a pretty straight story of Osk's visit to the Melverton house that memorable Tuesday, omitting smaller details; of Osk's saying, as he left the door, that he was going to look at the phoebes' nest under the bridge; and of his actually having the nest in his hat when Gid found him sitting among the bushes by the brookside afterward.

"Is this the nest?" Judge Carter inquired.

Gideon stooped over it, where it lay in the opened newspaper wrapper, on the judge's table.

"I should say so; but the eggs was n't broke then," replied the witness.

The judge proceeded with his questions, prompted by Fred Melverton, seated at his elbow.

"After you saw it in his hat, in the bushes, did you ever see it again until to-day?"

Gid hesitated, and moved cautiously a step farther from Osk, who stood scowling near by, in front of the judge's desk.

"I did, twice," said the witness.

"Tell us where."

"He kept it hid in the top of the stovepipe in the paint-shop. I saw him take it out and put it back again."

"That will do," said the judge; and with a breath of relief Gideon stepped back, followed by the eyes of the vindictively leering prisoner.

"It seems a perfectly plain case," Judge Carter remarked to Gran'sir Pudgwick, who sat frowning and fretting, and opening and closing his telescopic chin (to quote Canton Quimby's lively expression), during these revelations. "I shall have to impose the fine."

"That 's all right, Gran'sir!" said Osk, with an impatient shrug. "Pony up, and le 's get out of this. It makes me tired."

Beads of perspiration, not produced solely by the closeness of the air of the court-room, glistened on the old man's bald crown and visibly writhing features.

"If it must be, I s'pose it must," he said discontentedly. "But I hope, judge, you 'll put it at your lowest figger."

"The statute fixes the fine at ten dollars," replied the judge. "I 've no discretion in the matter."

"And what if 't ain't paid?" asked the old man sharply.

Melverton and Quimby were watching him with the keenest interest, and nudging each other. Osk, from under his lowering brows, fixed piercing eyes upon the irresolute gran'sir.

The magistrate of the informal village court relaxed into the genial neighbor as he turned to give Mr. Pudgwick friendly advice.

"You can have the case continued, and employ a lawyer for your grandson, or you can appeal it to a higher court. But the evidence is so plain, and the law so clear, that it would be very unwise to incur any further cost in the matter."

"I don't want no cost. I want to save cost. I don't want to pay that fine!" objected the old man.

"Nothing obliges you to do it. And I 'm inclined to think it will be as well for you not to do it," remarked Judge Carter, blandly.

"Then what?" squeaked the big man's small voice, after a moment's reflection.

"He will be committed to jail. The result may be that he will be sent to some reformatory institution, where he will be taught a useful trade, and at all events be kept out of mischief."

The old man turned his eyes toward his grandson, and demanded, "What do you say to that?"

And Osk answered with an indignant scoff: "Just for taking a bird's nest? It 's absurd! You and gram'er never 'll allow that."

Thereupon the judge, leaning back in his chair, addressed the prisoner:

"If that is done, it will not be just because you have taken a bird's nest; you know that, Oscar. But you have shown yourself an idle, reckless, and dangerous character, ungrateful to your best friends, ungovernable at home, and exercising a baleful influence on your associates. I am persuaded that it will be well for you, well for your grandparents, and particularly well for the community, that you should be removed from your present surroundings, and put where you will acquire habits of industry, obedience, and general good behavior during the next two or three years—say, till you are twenty-one."

The judge rapped on his desk to silence the applause that greeted these sensible remarks.

"Order!" he said, "or I shall call upon Chief Hazel to clear the court. I am not sorry, however, that the prisoner and his grandparents should have an opportunity to learn something of the public sentiment regarding him."

The culprit's manner changed again, and he spoke in a mild and candid tone which he knew well how to assume.

"Judge," he said familiarly, "you are more than half right. I *have* been a trifle wild, I allow. But, I say now, give me another chance. Gran'sir will pay the fine, I know."

"I hain't got ten dollars about me," said the old man, in great trouble of mind.

"No matter. You can raise it. Judge 'll lend it to you. Old friends, you know. Won't you, Judge?"

This audaciously cool request, on the part of the prisoner, raised a laugh among the dozen or twenty spectators, and tended to make everybody good-natured, as Osk no doubt meant it should, only the old gran'sir failing to see any fun in his grandson's impertinence.

Even the judge had to smile, as he remarked, "That would be an unheard-of arrangement—for the court to impose a fine and then proceed to pay it! I would n't advise your grandfather to borrow the amount of anybody."

"If I could only believe this was the last of his tricks!" the agitated old man muttered.

"It's the very last, I promise you," Osk protested. "Get me out of this little scrape, and I'll be a credit to you after this."

Seeing the old man shaken, Melverton leaned over and whispered to him.

"I don't know," Gran'sir Pudgwick replied, in a sort of plaintive whisper. "If 't had been anything val'able he took—but jest a bird's nest, as he says! I've got a little money to home, and if the judge 'll give me ten minutes—"

A gleam of triumph lighted Osk's face. At that moment an eager-eyed youth pressed forward into the court-room.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### "HIS 'BETTERMOST' COAT."

HALF an hour earlier, while Gideon was giving his testimony, a yellow envelope had been brought in by a messenger and handed to Frank Melverton. Absorbed in the proceedings of the trial, he gave a hasty glance at the message, and then handed it to Canton Quimby.

"But don't you see?" his friend whispered. "This may be important. When we went through his room we saw nothing of the kind. I should have noticed it."

"I think I should, too," Melverton replied. "You may be right. It may lead to something. I believe I'll jump on my wheel and skip over—'t won't take long."

"No, no! You stay here. You may be needed. I'll go, or—there's your friend!" And Quimby beckoned to Tracy Lisle, who stood among the spectators, watching the young men in consultation over the yellow missive.

"Look here, Trace," said Melverton, showing him the despatch. "Do you remember seeing anything of the sort?"

"N-o-o!" Tracy murmured, glancing his eye wondering over the paper.

"Suppose you take my wheel at the door—or Quimby's; you could n't ride mine," Melverton said; "spin over to the house, see if you can find out what this means, and be back here again—"

"'Ere the leviathan can swim a league,'" quoted Canton Quimby.

Tracy went, and he had now returned. Flushed and panting he quickly made his way to his friends, cap in hand, and carrying a coat on his arm.

"Find anything of it?" Fred anxiously demanded.

"No," Tracy whispered excitedly; "and I did n't believe I should. There was only a crumpled handkerchief lying on the table in his room."

"We're getting a clue," said Quimby, looking up keenly at Osk Ordway, who was regarding the coat on Tracy's arm with a strangely intense and anxious expression.

"But I've got it!" Tracy whispered gleefully.

"The clue?" asked Quimby.

"The thing itself," said Tracy.

And he whispered a rapid explanation into the ears of his astonished friends.

"One moment, Mr. Pudgwick! Don't go just yet," said Fred. The old gran'sir, after a consultation with the judge, was setting off to bring his money with which to pay the fine he had before so firmly resolved not to pay. "I've a few words to say to his honor," Melverton went on, rising to his feet, "which I prefer that you should hear. If his honor will permit."

"Go on," said Judge Carter, while all listened intently.

"I should like to explain," the young man resumed, "that it was a search on our part for very different and much more valuable plunder that led to the discovery of the bird's nest in Oscar's possession. A certain prize cup had been taken from my mother's house about the time when he had access to it, and I frankly confess that I suspected him of appropriating it. I now as frankly own that I was mistaken, and I beg his pardon."

Oscar, who had been making signs for Tracy to give him the coat, answered Fred's acknowl-

edgment with a glassy smile, as if by no means at ease in his mind in regard to the situation.

"Still," Melverton proceeded, "I thought it probable some other object might have been taken—a suspicion that could n't be readily verified in a hurried survey of the premises. But since I have been sitting here, a telegram has been handed me, from my brother Frank,"—he extended the despatch to the judge,—“who, as your honor will perceive, asks me to bring away—what he mentions—from the table in his room.”

Meanwhile Canton Quimby sat watching, with calm intensity, the changes in Osk's countenance, and he now secured what he had so ardently desired—a glimpse into that wily deceiver's momentarily unmasked soul. Fred continued:

"I immediately sent my friend, Tracy Lisle, who has charge of the house, to look for what should have been on my brother's table, and he reports that it was n't to be found. By a singular coincidence, however—" He interrupted himself, and added: "Will your honor allow him to make a statement?"

"The court sees no objection," the judge replied. "What is it, Tracy?"

With his blue eyes sparkling, and his ruddy features glowing, Master Lisle stepped forward, and told his story.

"I went on a bicycle, and as I was passing Maple street, old Mrs. Pudgwick ran out to ask me how the trial was going. I could n't wait, but she seemed so troubled, I said I would tell her when I came along back. I had forgotten all about it, when, as I was nearing Maple street again, I saw her running up from her house, beckoning and calling; and I had to stop. She had this coat"—Tracy held it up for all to look at—"and when I said there was n't much to tell, and was starting on again, she caught hold of me.

"'Do, please, take him this,' she said, 'so he'll have something decent to put on. It's his bettermost coat. His gran'sir was going to carry it to him,' she told me; 'but I could n't find it when he started off; I've had the greatest hunt! What the boy wanted to tuck it away out o' sight so for, I can't imagine!'

"'All right; I'll give it to him,' I said; but

as she was handing it to me, she noticed something heavy in one of the pockets, which she had been in too great a hurry to give any thought to before. It thumped against the handle-bar like this."

Tracy swung the loaded pocket against the judge's desk with a muffled thud, as he added:

"I started to take it out for her. She saw it, and was ever so much astonished. Then I said, 'Never mind!' flung the coat over my arm, and here it is!"

It was now Melverton's turn to resume his explanation.

"The thing in the pocket is this,—” holding it up before the eyes of judge, prisoner, and spectators,—“my brother Frank's revolver. He meant to carry it with him to the seaside, but must have left it behind by accident, in the hurry of departure. He seems to remember placing it on his dressing-table, where it somehow got overlooked at the last moment. He now telegraphs for it, as there is to be target-shooting to-morrow. Your honor will notice what a curiously wrought and perfect weapon it is; and that it has my brother's initials on the butt-cap. How it passed from his dressing-table into Oscar Ordway's pocket, Oscar will perhaps explain."

"I see now," Chief Hazel observed, stepping up to examine the weapon, "why he objected so to his grandmother's getting his bettermost coat when I took him from the house."

Oscar attempted no explanations, but stood sullenly defiant; and when Tracy handed him the coat, with an angry stroke of his arm he flung it upon the floor. There it lay in the dust at his feet until old man Pudgwick stooped with a groan to gather it up.

Judge Carter asked if Melverton wished to enter a complaint against Osk for the far more serious offense just brought to light.

"Whether or not I bring a formal charge," Fred replied, "will depend upon circumstances. If his petty fine is to be paid, and he is let loose again upon the community, then I ought certainly to have him prosecuted to the extent of the law. But if Mr. Pudgwick will take your honor's excellent advice and allow him to be sent to the State Reformatory, I shall be satisfied."

"The court will give the case careful con-

sideration, and endeavor to act for the interests of justice, and also for the best interests of the boy himself." The judge turned to Mr. Pudgwick. "Has his grandfather any suggestion to make?"

"Mr. Melverton is right—you are both right," Mr. Pudgwick replied with strong emotion, mechanically brushing the dust from his grandson's "bettermost" coat. "The reformatory is the place for him, and I guess his gram'er 'll be of the same way of thinking when she knows."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### WHO KEPT THE CUP.

THESE events happened so short a time ago that there is little more to tell. Oscar was in due course sent to the reformatory; where, I am pleased to learn, he is making an unexpectedly good record, showing what needed discipline can sometimes do in the case of a ne'er-do-well who fails to get his deserts at home.

His absence from the village has proved a blessing to the class of boys who were formerly under his influence; so much of ill in a whole community is often owing to the bad example of one or two reckless leaders. Gideon has gone to work; and George Oliver, no longer finding anything to ridicule in Tracy Lisle's "aristocratic ways," is trying, like him, honestly and truly to "make the best of himself."

As for Midget, who is the real hero of this story, if it has a hero, he is making extraordinary progress in the line of education his mother fortunately hit upon, after so many disappointments. The word *cup* proved the key that was to open a new world to his childish mind. When it was shown to him in print, he realized for the first time that the alphabet signified speech, and became interested in what had failed to fix his attention before. Simultaneously with the printed alphabet he learned the sign-alphabet of the deaf-mutes; and each newly-acquired name of a thing became fixed in his memory, associated with its three different forms of expression: the spoken word, the written or printed letters, and the finger movements by which the same sounds were represented.

The various steps in his progress would form an interesting story; but we have no place for it here. Now in his eighth year he can pronounce a great many common words, and read many more from familiar lips (the speech of strangers giving him much greater difficulty); further than this, he can read and write as well as many boys of his age who can hear and who have enjoyed the advantage of school instruction. He has been taught wholly at home, and his mother and Ida will probably continue his teachers for some time yet, although Fred Melverton claims the privilege of defraying his expenses at the famous Northampton school.

Fred would never allow the Prize Cup to be returned to the Melverton home. It is so curiously associated with a most interesting incident in the child's life, that the owner has had the inscription on it filled out in a different way from what was originally intended; so that, after the date of the race, it reads:

*"Won by Frederick Melverton, and by him presented to his dear young friend, Laurie Lisle."*

It stands on a mantel in the old parsonage; and the last time I saw it there, the little nest of fine hay, which had been removed only that the engraving might be completed, again showed, soft and brown, against the golden lining.

The phœbes never knew how kind the child meant to be to them. But they have returned to the old bridge, and have a new nest of their own this spring.

THE END.



## A STROLL IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY FOWLTON & SON, LONDON.

In the beautiful month of May it is the natural wish of all of us to go out into the woods and meadows and valleys, to ramble amid the foliage and flowers and fragrance of spring. Now, had you been on a certain big, white man-of-war, in a certain month of May, you could have taken, as I did, just such rambles—one week in Algeria, the next in Spain, and the third in England. The last was the most interesting of all, and if you will follow me, in imagination, you can take it too, and enjoy its incidents.

That big, white man-of-war steamed up the Thames until only twenty-five miles from London, and moored in the narrowing river almost within jumping distance of the piers at the town



(SEE PAGE 563.)

of Gravesend. That town, then, is the base from which we will start for our walk, on a rare afternoon when the sunshine is warm and the air is clear to the most distant point of view.

A navigator can find his way over the most unfamiliar seas with a chart; so in rambling through a strange country we first need a map. Going up the busiest street of Gravesend, we soon find a book-store and buy for sixpence a pocket-map of County Kent. On that map we find the next nearest city to be Rochester, eight miles away; so, in order to have an objective point, we take the road for Rochester, and soon we are in a country lane bordered by hawthorn-hedges covered with their little bunches

of white flowers, filling all the air with a fragrance that we breathe in with delight. Through this we are led on and on, with green meadows at our left stretching away to the swift, busy Thames, and on our right low, rounded hills and sloping and rising fields, some green with rye and wheat, some reddened with clover-blossoms, and some yellow with buttercups, all separated by the flowering, fragrant hawthorn hedges, and rising slowly to a distant ridge of forest. Now and

over which commoners, lords, bishops, and kings were wont to travel before the days of railroads. Over this road traveled kings of Kent before England was; over it swept the invading Danes, and then the Saxons; over it went Harold to the battle of Hastings; and back over it rode William the Conqueror in triumph to London.

We near a wooded ridge, and on the left by the roadside we come upon a strange feature in a Kentish landscape — two great yew trees



DICKENS'S HOUSE, GADSHILL.  
(DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULTON & SONS, LONDON.)

then we pass a tavern with a quaint sign-board, or a farm-house nested away among the purple lilacs. Our walk is marred only by vagrants tramping to Canterbury, or to London, sleeping by the wayside, begging respectfully; for we are on the great highway through Kent,

stretching their dark-green branches, far across the road. Behind them is a wooded grotto with lilac-bushes and tulip-beds, all inclosed by an iron railing in which we are surprised to find no gate. On the opposite side of the road is an old-fashioned house of stone, with a little cupola on its roof. It is embowered in trees and almost hidden from the road by a high hedge.

Full of curiosity, we go a few paces farther, and stop at the Sir John Falstaff Tavern, where we ask questions and learn that the place is Gadshill, that ancient place of gads, or footpads,

is not open to visitors. It is now the private residence of a country gentleman.

We learned afterward that the grotto without a gate was connected with the house by a tunnel under the road, and formed a hiding-place for Dickens from curious visitors.

Leaving the highway by a pretty lane, we are presently in a most magnificent wood, a vast cathedral of nature. Its columns are tall dark trunks of elm-trees, supporting leafy, intersecting arches of golden green; its nave and transepts are carpeted with the softest moss, in which a footfall is silent; its screens are of hawthorn and honeysuckle; its chancel is strewn with the growing violets; and its chapels are adorned with rhododendrons and ivy. Through and upon it all floods the softened sunlight; over our heads sings a vast choir of birds; and around us the melodious hum of the bees sounds like soft organ notes.



AVENUE TO COBHAM HALL THROUGH THE PARK.

once so dreaded by the pilgrims journeying to Canterbury and the merchants traveling to London. It was here that, according to Shakespeare, as we can find in "King Henry IV.," old Sir John Falstaff had his encounter with the "men in buckram."

But Gadshill reminds us of a man more real than Falstaff, and almost as well known as that tipling and cowardly knight's great creator—it reminds us of Charles Dickens. Sure enough, the innkeeper tells us, that house we have just passed was the house of Dickens; but, alas! it

Here and there in the woods we come upon handsome, russet-plumaged pheasants strutting about, rabbits hopping fearlessly across the clearings, and squirrels scampering from tree to tree.

Beyond these "Woods of Shorne" we come to a grand park, a thousand acres or more in extent, full of old oaks under which are browsing herds of deer, and through the park a long avenue of stately elms stretches in a straight vista to an ancient hall. This is Cobham Hall and Park, belonging to Lord Darnley. We may remember that it is described in "Pickwick Papers"

where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass pass it going to the Leather Bottle Tavern.

Soon we are in Cobham village and arrive at that same old Leather Bottle Tavern. We pass through a narrow hall, and are ushered into a dark, low-ceilinged room. Here Dickens used to sit and study the guests. How many of his unique characters must have passed all unconsciously under his deep-seeing gaze in this old room, for here he would make notes as he sat in silence. Here, too, he made the Pickwick Club to meet. The walls of the room are now adorned with Cruikshank's quaint sketches of Dickens's characters, with newspaper prints and articles of the time, and with many portraits of Dickens and his family. Strangely enough, the only two pictures in the room not relating to Dickens are portraits of the American actress Mary Anderson.

Before we leave the inn, we write our names in the visitors' book. It is growing late, and we hurry back. It is still a beautiful walk, and after five miles we are again in Gravesend. Entering the town by the Pelham Road, we

come to the White Post Tavern, and must pause to contemplate another spot of interest. Beside the tavern is a little rectangular yard, well covered with grass and surrounded by a flower border. In the middle is a circular flower-bed filled with white tulips, with a solitary rose-bush in its center. Nothing further marks this spot, and few know that it has a special interest; yet under that sod is the tomb of Pocahontas.

In the parish register of old Saint Marie's Church, which once stood there, is entered:

1617, Mary 21st. Rebecca Wrolffe, wyffe of Thomas Wrolffe, Gent., a Virginia Ladye borne, was buried in ye chancell.

There is a mistake in the name Thomas, for it should be John. "Mary" is old style for May.

How strange was the fate of Pocahontas! a savage maiden from the primeval forests of America, who died among the civilized white people she loved, far from the land of her birth.

Our walk is at an end, and we have scarcely seen the hundredth part of that county of Kent which all Englishmen agree in calling "the Garden of England."



PICKWICK ROOM, LEATHER BOTTLE INN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULTON & SON, LONDON.)

## THE GREEN SATIN GOWN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Who ever wore such a queer-looking thing? I wore it myself, dear, once upon a time; yes, I did! Perhaps you would like to hear about it, while you mend that tear in your muslin. Sit down, then, and let us be cozy.

I was making a visit in Hillton once, when I was seventeen years old, just your age; staying with dear old Miss Persis Elderby, who is now dead. I have told you about her, and it is strange that I have never told you the story of the green satin gown; but, indeed, it is years since I looked at it. We were great friends, Miss Persis and I; and we never thought much about the difference in our ages, for she was young for her years, and I was old for mine. In our daily walk through the pretty, sleepy Hillton street—we always went for the mail together, for though Miss Persis seldom received letters, she always liked to see mine, and it was quite the event of the day—my good friend seldom failed to point out to me a stately mansion that stood by itself on a little height, and to say in a tone of pride, "The Le Baron place, my dear; the finest place in the county. Madam Le Baron, who lives there alone now, is as great a lady as any in Europe, though she wears no coronet to her name."

I never knew exactly what Miss Persis meant by this last remark, but it sounded magnificent; and I always gazed respectfully at the gray stone house which sheltered so grand a personage. Madam Le Baron, it appeared, never left the house in winter, and this was January. Her friends called on her at stated intervals, and, to judge from Miss Persis, never failed to come away in a state of reverential enthusiasm. I could not help picturing to myself the great lady as about six feet tall, clad in purple velvet, and waving a peacock-feather fan; but I never confided my imaginings even to the sympathetic Miss Persis.

One day my friend returned from a visit to the stone house, quite breathless, her pretty, old face pink with excitement. She sat down on the chair nearest the door, and gazed at me with speechless emotion.

"Dear Miss Persis!" I cried. "What has happened? Have you had bad news?"

Miss Persis shook her head. "Bad news? I should think not, indeed! Child, Madam Le Baron wishes to see you. More I cannot say at present. Not a word! Put on your best hat, and come with me. Madam Le Baron waits for us!"

It was as if she had said, "The Sultan is on the front doorstep." I flew upstairs, and made myself as smart as I could in such a hurry. My cheeks were as pink as Miss Persis's own, and though I had not the faintest idea what was the matter, I felt that it must be something of vital import. On the way, I begged my companion to explain matters to me, but she only shook her head and trotted on the faster. "No time!" she panted. "Speech delays me, my dear! All will be explained; only make haste."

We made such haste that by the time we rang at the door of the stone house neither of us could speak, and Miss Persis could only make a mute gesture to the dignified maid who opened the door, and who looked amazed, as well she might, at our burning cheeks and disordered appearance. Fortunately she knew Miss Persis well, and lost no time in ushering us into a cool, dimly lighted parlor, hung with family portraits. Here we sat, and fanned ourselves with our pocket-handkerchiefs, while I tried to find breath for a question; but there was not time! A door opened at the further end of the room; there was a soft rustle, a smell of sandal-wood in the air. The next moment Madam Le Baron stood before us. A

slender figure, about my own height, in a quaint, old-fashioned dress; snowy hair, arranged in puff on puff, with exquisite nicety; the darkest, softest eyes I ever saw, and a general air of having left her crown in the next room; this was the great lady.

We rose, and I made my best courtesy,—we courtesied then, my dear, instead of bowing like pump-handles,—and she spoke to us in a soft old voice, that rustled like the silk she wore, though it had a clear sound, too. "So this is the child!" she said. "I trust you are very well, my dear! And has Miss Elderby told you of the small particular in which you can oblige me?"

Miss Persis hastened to say that she wasted no time on explanations, but had brought me as quickly as might be, thinking that the main thing. Madam Le Baron nodded, and smiled a little; then she turned to me; a few quiet words, and I knew all about it. She had received that morning a note from her grandniece, "a young and giddy person," who lived in B—, some twenty miles away, announcing that she and a party of friends were about to drive over to Hillton to see the old house. She felt sure that her dear aunt would be enchanted to see them, as it must be "quite too forlorn for her, all alone in that great barn"; so she might expect them the next evening (that is, the evening of this very day), in time for supper, and no doubt as hungry as hunters. There would be about a dozen of them, probably, but she knew there was plenty of room at Birchwood, and it would be a good thing to fill up the empty rooms for once in a way; so, looking forward to a pleasant meeting, the writer remained her dearest aunt's "affectionate niece, Effie Gay."

"The child has no mother," said Madam Le Baron to Miss Persis; then turning to me, she said: "I am alone, save for my two maids, who are of middle age and not accustomed to youthful visitors. Learning from my good friend Miss Elderby that a young gentlewoman was staying at her house, I conceived the idea

of asking you to spend the night with me, and such portion of the next day as my guests may remain. If you are willing to do me this service, my dear, you may put off your bonnet,



"THE NEXT MOMENT MADAM LE BARON STOOD BEFORE US."

and I will send for your evening dress and your toilet necessities."

I had been listening in a dream, hearing what was said, but thinking it all like a fairy story, chiefly impressed by the fact that the speaker was the most beautiful person I had ever seen in my life. The last sentence, how-

ever, brought me to my senses with a vengeance. With scarlet cheeks I explained that I had brought no evening dress with me: that I lived a very quiet life at home, and had expected nothing different here: that, to be quite frank, I had not such a thing as an evening dress in the world. Miss Persis turned pale with distress and mortification; but Madam Le Baron looked at me quietly, with her lovely smile.

"I will provide you with a suitable dress, my child," she said. "I have something that will do very well for you. If you like to go to your room now, my maid will attend you, and bring what is necessary. We expect our guests in time for supper, at eight o'clock."

Decidedly, I had walked into a fairy



"LOOKING UP, I SAW A PORTRAIT ON THE WALL."



tale, or else I was dreaming! Here I sat in a room hung with flowered damask, in a wonderful chair, by a wonderful fire; and a fairy, little and withered and brown, dressed in what I knew must be black bombazine, though I knew it only from descriptions, was bringing me tea and plum-cake and wine on a silver tray. She looked at me with kind, twinkling eyes, and said she would bring the dress at once; then left me to my own wondering fancies. I hardly knew what to be thinking of, so much was happening: more, it seemed, in these few hours, than in all my life before. I tried to fix my mind on the gay party that would soon fill the silent house with life and tumult; I tried to fancy how Miss Effie Gay would look,

and what she would say to me; but my mind kept coming back to the dress, the evening dress, that I was to be privileged to wear. What would it be like? Would silk or muslin be prettier? If only it were not pink! A red-haired girl in pink was a sad sight!

Looking up, I saw a portrait on the wall, of a beautiful girl, in a curious, old-time costume. The soft dark eyes and regal turn of the head told me that it was my hostess in her youth; and even as I looked, I heard the rustle again, and smelt the faint odor of sandalwood; and Madam Le Baron came softly in, followed by the fairy maid, bearing a long parcel.

"Your gown, my dear," she said. "I thought you would like to be preparing for the evening. Undo it, Jessop!"

Jessop lifted fold on fold of tissue paper. I looked, expecting I know not what fairy thing of lace and muslin: I saw — the green satin gown!

We were wearing large sleeves then, something like yours at the present day, and high collars; the fashion was at its height. This gown had long, tight, wrinkled sleeves, coming down over the hand, and finished with a ruffle of yellow lace; the neck, rounded and half low, had a similar ruffle almost deep enough to be called a ruff; the waist, if it could be called a waist, was up under the arms: briefly, a costume of my grandmother's time. Little green satin slippers lay beside it, and a huge feather-fan hung by a green ribbon. Was this a jest? was it? — I looked up, with burning cheeks and eyes suffused; I met a glance so kind, so beaming with the maid, after one sharp glance at me, in which good will, that my eyes fell, and I could I thought I read an amused compassion, fol-

only hope that my anguish had not been visible.

"Shall Jessop help you, my dear?" said Madam Le Baron. "You can do it by yourself? Well, I like to see the young independent. I think the gown will become you; it has been considered handsome." She glanced fondly at the shining fabric, and left the room;



"MADAM LE BARON CLASPED THE NECKLACE AROUND MY NECK."

I thought I read an amused compassion, fol-

lowed; and I was left alone with the green satin gown.

Cry? No, I did not cry: I had been brought up not to cry; but I suffered, my dear, as one does suffer at seventeen. I thought of jumping out of the window and running away, back to Miss Persis; I thought of going to bed, and saying I was ill. It was true, I said to myself, with feverish violence: I *was* ill, sick with shame and mortification and disappointment. Appear before this gay party, dressed like my own great-grandmother? I would rather die! A person might easily die of such distress as this — and so on, and so on!

Suddenly, like a cool touch on my brow, came a thought, a word of my Uncle John's, that had helped me many a time before. "Endeavor, my dear, to maintain a sense of proportion!"

The words fell with weight on my distracted mind. I sat up straight in the armchair into which I had flung myself, face downward. Was there any proportion in this horror? I shook myself, then put the two sides together, and looked at them. On one side, two lovely old ladies, one of whom I could perhaps help a little, both of whom I could gratify; on the other, my own — dear me! was it vanity? I thought of the two sweet old faces, shining with kindness; I fancied the distress, the disappointment, that might come into them, if I — "Yes, dear uncle," I said aloud, "I have found the proportion!" I shook myself again, and began to dress. And now a happy thought struck me. Glancing at the portrait on the wall, I saw that the fair girl was dressed in green. Was it? Yes, it must be — it was — the very same dress! Quickly, and as neatly as I could, I arranged my hair in two great puffs, with a butterfly knot on the top of my head, in the style of the picture; if only I had the high comb! I slipped on the gown, which fitted me well enough. I put on the slippers, and tied the green ribbons round and round my ankles; then I lighted all the candles, and looked at myself. A perfect guy? Well, perhaps — and yet —

At this moment Jessop entered, bringing a pair of long yellow gloves; she looked me over critically, saying nothing; glanced at the por-

trait, withdrew, and presently reappeared, with the high tortoise-shell comb in her hand. She placed it carefully in my hair, surveyed me again, and again looked at the picture. Yes, it was true, the necklace was wanting; but of course —

Really, Jessop was behaving like a jack-in-the-box! She had disappeared again, and now here she was for the third time; but this time Madam Le Baron was with her. The old lady looked at me silently, at my hair, then up at the picture. The sight of the pleasure in her lovely face trampled under foot, put out of existence, the last remnant of my foolish pride.

She turned to Jessop and nodded. "Yes, by all means!" she said. The maid put into her hand a long morocco box; madam kissed me, and with soft, trembling fingers clasped the necklace round my neck. "It is a graceful compliment you pay me, my child," she said, glancing at the picture again, with eyes a little dimmed. "Oblige me by wearing this, to complete the vision of my past youth."

Ten stars of chrysoprase, the purest and tenderest green in the world, set in delicately-wrought gold. I need not describe the necklace to you. You think it the most beautiful jewel in the world, and so do I; and I have promised that you shall wear it on your eighteenth birthday.

Madam Le Baron saw nothing singular in my appearance. She never changed the fashion of her dress, being of the opinion, as she told me afterward, that a gentlewoman's dress is her own affair, not her mantua-maker's; and her cinnamon-colored brocade went very well with the green satin. We stood side by side for a moment, gazing into the long, dim mirror; then she patted my shoulder and gave a little sigh.

"Your auburn hair looks well with the green," she said. "My hair was dark, but otherwise — Shall we go down, my dear?"

I will not say much about the evening. It was painful, of course; but Effie Gay had no mother, and much must be pardoned in such a case. No doubt I made a quaint figure enough among the six or eight gay girls, all dressed in the latest fashion; but the first moment was the worst, and the first titter put a fire in my

veins that kept me warm all the evening. An occasional glance at Madam Le Baron's placid face enabled me to preserve my sense of proportion, and I remembered that two wise men, Solomon and my Uncle John, had compared the laughter of fools to the crackling of thorns under a pot. And — and there were some who did not laugh.

Pin it up, my dear! Your father has come, and will be wanting his tea.

heavy on my arm, and a moment's search revealed a strange matter. The pocket was full of goldpieces, shining half-eagles, which fell about me in a golden shower, and made me cry out with amazement; but this was not all! The tears sprang to my eyes as I opened the morocco box and took out the chrysoprase necklace: tears partly of gratitude and pleasure, partly of sheer kindness and love and sorrow for the sweet, stately lady who had thought of



"THE FIRST TIME HE SAW ME."

I can tell you the rest of the story in a few words.

A year from that time Madam Le Baron died; and a few weeks after her death, a parcel came for me from Hillton. Opening it in great wonder, what did I find but the gown, the green satin gown, with the slippers and fan, and the tortoise-shell comb in a leather case! Lifting it reverently from the box, the dress felt singularly

me in her closing days, and had found (they told me afterward) one of her last pleasures in planning this surprise for me.

There is something more that I might say, my dear. Your dear father was one of that gay sleighing party; and he often speaks of the first time he saw me,—when I was coming down the stairs in the green satin gown.



## SHOOTING-STARS THAT REACH THE EARTH.

BY OLIVER C. FARRINGTON.

ALL of you have been out of doors on a cloudless evening, and have seen a star apparently fall from its place in the sky, and glide in a long line of light toward the horizon.

Perhaps you have wondered, as I used to do, how long it would be before the stars would all be gone from the sky, since one fell so often. I did not then know, what I have learned since, that "shooting-stars" are not true stars at all, but only bodies which appear for an instant, and then disappear forever. Let us call them meteors, and thus avoid confounding them with real stars; for the real stars are as enduring as anything in the universe.

In common speech, however, the term meteors is largely confined to those shooting-stars which are very large and bright, and are seen only now and then. Since they do not, however, differ from the shooting-stars in any important respect, so far as we know, most of the learned scholars who make a study of such subjects consider them the same.

Now, if meteors never came any nearer the earth than do those which we so often see, we should know nothing more about them than what we could learn from their light, and that would be very little.

But it sometimes happens that one of them can be seen to come directly down to the earth. It makes a bright light as it falls, sometimes so intense as to outshine the sun when that is in the sky. Sometimes the meteor carries with it a cloud of smoke, and falls with a hissing, spluttering noise, throwing out showers of sparks

as it descends. Usually, too, loud reports are heard as it passes through the air, as if aerial armies were cannonading one another; and as the sound of the conflict dies away, long rolls of echoing thunder shake the earth.

When the astonished people thereabout have recovered from their fright and hasten to the spot where the meteor struck the earth, they sometimes find buried in the soil—if the soil has any depth—a piece of stone or metal, often no larger than a hen's egg, but sometimes big enough to be of several hundred pounds weight.

It is usually still hot if picked up very soon after its fall, and its surface will be found to be covered by a thin crust, or varnish, made by the melting and flowing of its outside. This crust on the stones is usually black, while the interior is light gray in color; on the pieces of metal it is of a rusty brown color, and the interior of the mass nickel-white. It may be seen on the stones shown in Fig. 1, representing some of those that fell about 5 P. M. on May 2, 1890, near Leland, Winnebago County, Iowa; and where the crust has been broken off the light-gray inside is seen. The surface of these bodies can be seen, too, to be indented by little pits or hollows which look for all the world as if the mass had once been soft as a piece of putty, and some one had pressed it with his thumb in many places.

These pits are better illustrated in Fig. 2, which shows how they appear upon a stone which at one time fell from the sky, and afterward was found at Long Island, Phillips

County, Kansas. This is the largest stone ever known to fall. It is now in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago.

Because they come from meteors, bodies that

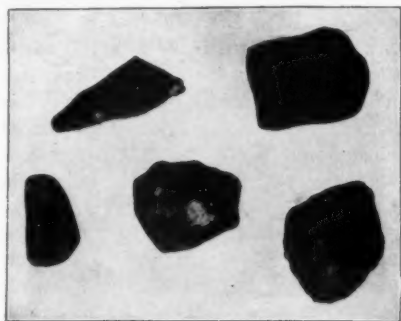


FIG. 1. SOME OF THE STONES WHICH FELL AT LELAND, WINNEBAGO CO., IOWA, ABOUT 5 P. M., MAY 2, 1890.

fall in this way are called meteorites; and for very many years past all the meteorites which have been seen to fall, or could be found, have been carefully kept, so that they may be studied. We know, too, that they have fallen in earlier times as well, because the histories of nearly all ancient peoples contain accounts of such occurrences, and of the homage paid to the "sky stones" by those who thought them gifts from the gods, or miraculous objects. It is probable that the so-called goddess Diana who was worshiped by the people of Ephesus was a meteoric stone.

A mass of iron which proved to be a meteorite was found in Texas a few years ago, at the crossing of a number of trails leading in different directions. It was learned that it had been set up by the Indians as a fetish, or object of worship; and whoever passed by was expected to leave upon it beads, arrowheads, tobacco, or other articles as offerings, since it was regarded as having come from the Great Spirit. Another, which fell in India some years ago, was kept decked with flowers, was daily anointed, and frequently worshiped with great ceremony. There is preserved to this day in the parish church of Ensisheim, Alsace, Germany, a stone weighing over two hundred pounds, which fell in the town November 16, 1492. The king, being near at the time, had the stone carried to the

castle, and after breaking off two pieces, one for himself and the other for the Duke Sigismund, ordered the remainder to be kept in the church as a miraculous object; and it still hangs there, suspended by a chain from the vault of the choir.

Thus we see that these meteors often reach the earth, and that many have been collected and examined, so that their characters are pretty well known. They all are found to be alike in many respects, and by those who have studied them carefully they can readily be distinguished from anything else found upon the earth.

I have said that they are pieces either of stone or of metal; and since the characters of these two kinds differ somewhat, I shall describe them a little more in detail.

The metallic meteorites are made up chiefly of iron and nickel. These are alloyed together in the proportion of from 90 to 95 per cent. of iron to from 10 to 5 per cent. of nickel—a ratio very much like that used for making the nickel-steel with which our armored cruisers are plated.

Besides these there are small quantities of the sulphides, phosphides, and carbides of iron, a little cobalt and manganese, and often minute quantities of copper and tin. One or two meteorites have been found which contain also quantities



FIG. 2. THE STONE FOUND AT LONG ISLAND, PHILLIPS COUNTY, KANSAS.

of minute diamonds, too small to be seen plainly, but known by their great hardness.

The most curious feature of these meteorites, however, is seen when a flat, polished surface

is exposed for a time to the action of a strong acid. As the polish disappears under the eating power of the acid, there come out upon the surface well defined bands, or lines, sometimes as much as an eighth of an inch in breadth, and again so narrow as to be seen



FIG. 3. WIDMANNSTÄTTIAN FIGURES ON THE LAURENS CO., SOUTH CAROLINA, AND LION RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA, METEORITES.

only with a lens. These cross one another at a great variety of angles and distances, and produce strikingly intricate and beautiful figures. Moreover, these differ in meteorites which fall at different times, and so afford a means of distinguishing between them. Fig. 3 shows the figures which distinguish the meteorites of Laurens County, South Carolina, and Lion River, South Africa. The figures brought out by this etching process are believed to be produced by separation and crystallization of the different substances of the meteorite while they are in a more or less liquid state, the purer iron separating itself from that which contains more nickel, and these in turn from sulphides and other compounds of the mass.

These, each being variously acted upon by the acid, appear in relief, or depressed below the surface, according as they resist the action or are readily dissolved. Since the markings were first described by Widmannstätten in 1808, they are called Widmannstätten figures. They were for a long time thought to be peculiar to meteorites, and were supposed to prove that any lump of metal on which they could be brought out had fallen from the sky; but we now know that they appear on some masses of iron which have always been upon the earth, and therefore indicate only a peculiar condition under which the iron showing them was formed.

If the mass on which the figures are obtained has also the crust, pitted surface, and chemical composition such as I have described, there can be little doubt that it fell from the sky, even if no one saw it fall, because all these

characters together are not possessed by any earthly bodies so far as we know. A great many of the metallic meteorites now in collections have been obtained in this way, and are known as meteoric "finds," in distinction from meteoric "falls."

The largest iron meteorite known is one that was found in 1581 in the district of Chupaderos, in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. It is a solid mass having a weight of fifteen tons. Its form is illustrated by Fig. 4 and its size is indicated by its proportion to the man standing near. Not far away was found another nearly as large. Both remained for a long time in the place where they fell, but have recently been moved by the Mexican government to the School of Mines of Mexico, and may now be seen there.

Another large iron meteorite is that which was found at Cross Timbers, near the Red River, Texas, and is now in the Peabody Museum, Yale University. It has an oblong form, and weighs 1635 pounds. It was for a

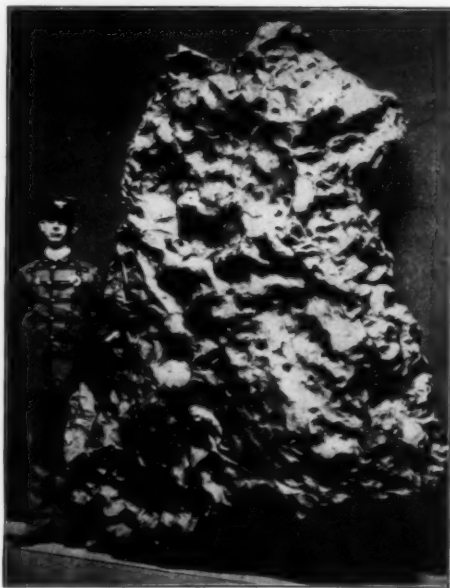


FIG. 4. THE CHUPADEROS, CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO, METEORITE.

long time in the cabinet of Colonel Gibbs of New York city, and after his death narrowly escaped being lost, because the workmen who

were removing his belongings concluded that such a lump of iron was quite too worthless to be saved. Digging a hole in the earth, they had almost buried it from sight when a member of the family very fortunately appeared and rescued it from its untimely grave.

Another iron meteorite, famous on account



FIG. 5. THE "SIGNET IRON," OF TUCSON, ARIZONA.

of its remarkable form, is that known as the Signet Iron, found near Tucson, Arizona, and now in the National Museum at Washington. It has the shape of a huge seal ring, its weight being about 1400 pounds, and greatest exterior diameter four feet one inch. Other perforated masses are known, but none having so large an opening as this. When first discovered, by Dr. John Le Conte, in 1851, it was imbedded in an upright position in the soil, and was used by the inhabitants of the village as a public anvil. They seemed to think it placed very strangely but conveniently for their use, and possibly would have hammered upon it for centuries without ever trying to learn its real nature.

Another illustration of uses to which meteorites may be put before their real character is known, is afforded by those of Kiowa County, Kansas. They fell on a prairie where rocks were scarce and valuable, and the farmers of the vicinity found meteorites convenient for holding down haystacks, stable roofs, or covers to rain-barrels. For such purposes they might have been used for a long time, had not the wife of one of the farmers become convinced that there was something unusual about them, and called in an expert to examine them. He at once recognized their nature, and the enterprising woman finally sold

hers for enough to pay off a heavy mortgage upon the farm.

From meteorites made up wholly of metal there is every gradation through those made up partly of metal and partly of stone to those composed wholly of stone. The latter resemble the rocks found about volcanoes or in the trap outcrops of the earth. They are made up chiefly of the minerals feldspar and augite, or chrysolite and augite. There are, however, very few of them which do not contain some metallic grains, of iron or nickel, which would distinguish them from any rocks of the earth.

Another peculiar feature of most of the stony meteorites is that they contain little balls of mineral fragments scattered through the mass of the stone, like plums in a pudding. These balls, or *chondri*, as they are termed from the Greek word meaning a ball, can be seen, in a section of the stone ground sufficiently thin to be studied with the microscope, to be made up of minerals like those of the stone itself, but arranged in peculiar forms. They may be fan-shaped, radiated, or concentric, and may contain minerals in a fibrous or thread-like condition, or as coarse, angular grains.

The section of the stone shown in Fig. 6 illustrates the appearance of these little balls, and the different minerals of which they may be made up.

Some observers have thought these balls were formed by fragments of rock rubbing against one another till they were rounded. Others



FIG. 6. A SECTION OF THE STONE WHICH FELL AT HOMESTEAD, IOWA, AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

have considered them produced by rapid or suddenly arrested crystallization which pre-

vented the minerals from assuming their natural shapes. In whatever way they were formed, it is certain that they were made under conditions somewhat different from any which prevailed in producing the rocks of the earth, and thus they aid us in distinguishing meteoric stones from terrestrial rocks.

It is therefore not likely that the stones which fall from the sky ever formed a part of the earth; and, if they did not come from the earth, they must have had their origin somewhere in those vast regions of space where are the moon and planets and all the other heavenly bodies which we can see but can never hope to reach. Because they resemble so closely volcanic rocks, some scholars have thought they were at some time thrown out by the volcanoes of the moon, and so have reached us; but there are many reasons why this cannot have been their origin. Farther away than that they must have been formed, somewhere out in the cold of space, under conditions which we can only conjecture. But because they are the only bodies that ever reach the earth from out of the universe beyond it, and are therefore the only means by which we can judge directly of how the starry worlds are made up and what their history has been, their study possesses very great interest, and some scientific men devote much time to collecting and examining them.

So far no elements have been found in meteorites differing from those of the earth. Those which do occur are just such ones as are most common here, being principally iron, nickel, phosphorus, sulphur, carbon, oxygen, silicon, magnesium, calcium, and aluminium.

Some of the minerals found in meteorites are, however, not known to occur upon the earth, and show that the conditions under which they were produced were different from any that exist here. Thus the iron in them, instead of being rusty or oxidized, as it would be if exposed to the action of water or air, is in pure, metallic form. They contain also a mineral formed by the union of phosphorus and iron, which could not have been made in the presence of oxygen. We know, therefore, that neither water, air, nor free oxygen existed in the worlds from which these bodies came.

A great deal of pains has also been taken

in studying these meteorites, in order to learn whether they give any evidence that living beings existed in the regions from which they came. So far, however, no such evidence has been found. Some of them contain pitchy substances such as are on the earth probably formed by plants; but it is not at all certain that they could not have been of mineral origin.

So far, then, as we can learn from meteorites, we find the heavenly bodies to be made up of elements and minerals like those which compose our earth, and to be uninhabited by any living things.

Let us now go back for a moment to the shooting-stars, and see why they do not all reach the earth. We know that we live at the bottom of an ocean of air, which we do not ordinarily see or feel, but which is made up of molecules no less real than those of water or of iron. We become conscious of this when the wind blows hard, because we can then see the effects of the striking of these molecules against any solid body, or we may even feel them cutting against our faces. Any solid body passing through the air encounters these molecules, and by friction against them is heated just as a car-wheel gets heated from friction produced by the application of the brake. The greater the velocity of the solid body, the more highly it will be heated, as can be proved by the temperature produced in a wire passed through the air at different velocities. So one of these pieces of stone or metal which is moving in space, and traveling at a very high rate of speed (usually not less than twenty miles a second), upon its entrance into the earth's atmosphere immediately encounters a great resistance from the air, and is very soon intensely heated. In this intense heat it glows so that we see its light, and unless it is of large size it will soon be burned up.

We then have seen a shooting-star, and we never shall see it again. If, however, the mass is so large that it gets to the earth before it is burned up, a piece of stone or metal such as I have described will be found where it has fallen; and one more meteorite will be added to the collections which already form a prominent feature of the different museums of the world. And by the study of these meteorites we hope to learn something about the worlds beyond ours.

## THE CHILDREN OF CHINATOWN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY THEODORE WORES.

WHILE the Chinese quarter of San Francisco is picturesque, and might well be taken for part of the Chinese empire, this picturesqueness covers a multitude of sins. What delights the eye often offends the nose; and a worse combination of evil smells can hardly be imagined than those one meets in this crowded and filthy quarter.

Its picturesqueness, however, is its redeeming feature; and the prettiest things that greet the eye are the bright-eyed and quaintly clad little children.

The streets abound with children of all ages and conditions; and while nearly all of them are born in this country, many are as ignorant of the English language as if they had been brought up in the heart of China. Others, again, true "street Arabs," though Chinese, are too familiar with slang phrases of the language of their adoption.

As a general rule, however, their education is by no means neglected. In this strange and curious meeting of the oldest civilization of the East with that of the youngest of the West, queer neighborhoods are sometimes formed. Christian churches are found next to Chinese temples, and while the organ of the former peals forth its melodious tones they mingle with the pagan chant of priest and acolytes of the neighboring "Joss house." There exists in the heart of Chinatown a public school for Chinese children, in charge of the San Francisco Board of Education, and it is attended by many bright, studious little pigtailed pupils, all eager to gain an American common-school education. A few doors from this institution is a school kept by an old Chinese schoolmaster—a wise and learned man—especially imported



THE TOY-BALLOON MAN.

from China to teach these little pagans the wisdom of Confucius and other Chinese sages.

The pupils of the former school are taught to read and write English as well as Chinese; they learn arithmetic from our well-known textbooks, and also are taught the true geography of the world. In the latter school they puzzle their little brains over problems in arithmetic on the Chinese counting-board. In Chinese geography they learn that, with the exception of a few small, half-civilized countries, China represents and controls the world.

In addition, they are taught also polite de-

portment, to read and write the complicated Chinese characters, as well as the teachings of their great philosopher Confucius. In other words, they receive the same education as that of a boy living in the shadow of the great wall of China. A most pleasing and notable feature

corner of the street where one or more of them left the rest, all stopped a moment, and made a low bow to the departing ones, and then went on their march, keeping up the same ceremony until they had all bowed one another home.

The boys who went to this Chinese school were mostly the sons of wealthy merchants, while those of the public school, as a rule, belonged to the poorer classes.

However little liked the Chinaman may be by his white neighbors, I have at all times found that the Chinese had at least one good and praiseworthy quality—the kindness shown by all of them toward their children.

The poorest parents always seem able to save enough money to array their little ones in gay garments on New Year's day or other holidays. The children in turn seem to be remarkably well-behaved and respectful toward their elders, and rarely, if ever, receive corporal punishment. They seem very happy, and apparently enjoy their childhood more than most American children. On almost any sunny day the fond and proud father may be seen at every turn in Chinatown carrying his brightly-attired youngster in his arms. Other little tots, hardly old enough to feel quite steady on their legs, toddle about with infants strapped on their backs. They do not appear to mind this, and it does not seem to interfere with their childish pastimes. About the time of the



AH YUNG; MY LITTLE MODEL.

in this school is the politeness with which the pupils treat one another.

I have often seen a class of ten or fifteen of these little boys marching out of school in single file. Each carried his counting-board and books under his arm, and all chatted merrily as they passed along. When they reached the

Chinese New Year Chinese children are particularly favored, and the fond fathers deny them nothing. The little ones always appear to be well provided with pocket-money to buy toys and candies.

As a result, not only the Chinese shopkeepers, but peddlers of other races, reap a rich

harvest about this time by selling toys and novelties. The seller of toy-balloons seems very popular, and is surrounded by boys and girls, eager to buy the fascinating rubber globes.

In attempting to paint pictures of Chinatown, I found it almost impossible to gain the consent of the parents to have their children pose as models for me. I tried in vain for a long time. They always declared that some ill luck would certainly overtake their little ones if their portraits were painted. So strong is this dread that a person coming along the street with a camera creates a panic. Frightened mothers, rushing about, seize their children and drag them indoors, out of harm's way.

This dislike to being pictured is very general, and does not apply only to children, as was impressed upon me on one occasion when I saw one of the most crowded streets in Chinatown suddenly cleared because of a photographer who had placed his camera at one end of the street to take a view. This fear of evil consequences I found to be so strong, that even the poorest would not be tempted by the offer of money. Consequently I had about given up, when I fortunately found the one exception (in my experience) in Chinatown. This was a poor woman with four little children and a sick husband to support. She was in great need, and my Chinese servant, after much difficulty, persuaded her for a large payment to let me paint her little girl named Ah Yung.

Ah Yung was a small maiden only seven years of age, and consequently too young to share her mother's superstitious fears. She seemed rather pleased than otherwise, especially after she found a plentiful supply of candy awaiting her at the studio. When the tiny model had survived a number of sittings, a great load was lifted from her mother's mind, and she consented to have even Ah Sing, her youngest boy, the light of her eye, pose for me and be painted. After that, the rest was easy enough; and so long as I required Chinese children for models, I had no difficulty in procuring the services of the members of this family.

Ah Yung always appeared most wonderfully arrayed for these sittings. She wore a dainty pink and blue costume, and a wreath of artificial flowers adorned her head. Her cheeks were

painted a bright red, and glass-bead ornaments dangled over her forehead. As she was not of noble birth, her feet were allowed to reach their full size, and were encased in a pair of finely made shoes with thick white soles. While some of the Chinese girls had their feet compressed, it is rather the exception than the rule, as the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has taken steps toward having this barbarous custom abolished.

Taken altogether, Ah Yung, as she strutted about in my studio, was so pretty an object that I felt it was almost a pity she could not be changed to porcelain, and placed on a shelf where she would have made a most wonderfully decorative bit of studio bric-à-brac. But in that case one of her greatest charms would have been lost—her most graceful and coquettish little walk, which, accompanied by an oldish and dignified manner, seemed most amusing in this little lady of seven.

Her bright black eyes saw everything that went on, and her comments on some of the visitors who came to the studio, especially the ladies, were exceedingly amusing. I can only remember one occasion when her usually happy face wore a troubled look. It was on one of my first visits to her home, and I found her seated on a low bench, with a huge Chinese mandolin in her arms. She had just taken her first music-lesson, and it had probably been one of the few griefs of her short life. But when I last saw her—about a year afterward—she was quite an expert musician, and not only played, but sang, in the most approved Chinese manner—in shrill high notes.

One day, just after the Chinese New Year, I expressed my keen regrets to her that I had been prevented from paying her mother and herself a New Year's call; and I hoped she had not taken offense at my neglecting so important a duty. This demure little maiden was seated on the model stand, and listened attentively to me as I made my excuses. "No, I was not offended," she answered, most innocently, "only sorry that you had not called. It really was a pity," she added, "for Jim Kelly, the man who carts away the ashes from our house, called on New Year's day, and my mother made him a present of twenty-five cents."

# SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

"THIS way," said Selim, whose face wore a very discontented look. "My predecessor was never required to do this sort of thing—but no matter!"

He led the explorers to a corner of the courtyard, and lifted from its place one of the marble slabs of which the pavement was composed. A dark pit was revealed, and an iron ladder.

"Step lively, please," said Selim; "we've too much business on hand to waste any more time with you."

"I can't see to the bottom," said Tom, peering down into the pit rather fearfully.

"Of course you can't," returned Selim snappishly. "Well, well, why don't you start? If a man of Sindbad's age is n't afraid, a lad like you ought n't to be"; for the great explorer had already commenced the descent of the ladder.

Stung by this remark, Tom followed his partner; a few moments later the marble slab was returned to its place, and the adventurers were alone in the darkness.

"Are you there, Mr. Sindbad?" asked Tom, in a somewhat tremulous voice.

"Of course I am," was the reply.

"How much farther do you suppose the bottom is?"

"It's impossible for me to say; we may have to travel on this ladder half a day, or even longer, before we reach a landing-place. Oh, we have lots of fun ahead of us."

"Fun!" gasped Tom.

"Yes, fun. Are n't you enjoying this? I am."

"No, I'm not," replied the boy very em-

phatically. "What fun is there in climbing down a rickety ladder in the dark, not knowing where you're going to stop, or whether there is any stopping-place at all?"

"Why, the delightful uncertainty of the thing is its principal charm! To think that beneath us may yawn an abyss miles in depth—is n't that a fascinating thought?"

"Not to me," said Tom.

"Well, I don't know what to make of you. At first I took you to be a lad of spirit, but now—well, never mind."

For some minutes they continued to descend in silence; presently Sindbad broke out with:

"I thought you told me you were fond of adventure."

"So I am," replied Tom, "but not this sort of adventure."

"Oh, I see," remarked Sindbad with biting sarcasm. "I imagine I understand about the sort of adventure *you* 'd like. You ought to have joined a 'personally conducted' party, where the journey is prepared in advance, and a man hired to bear the brunt of everything. A great explorer *you* are, I must say! Ha, ha, ha!"

An angry reply rose to Tom's lips, but he checked it, reflecting that perhaps Sindbad's scorn was not altogether without cause. After another pause he said:

"How long do you suppose this ladder is, Mr. Sindbad?"

"I have no data on the subject, and must decline to hazard a guess," was the reply, uttered in the most freezing tone imaginable; evidently Sindbad was deeply offended.

"I did n't mean to be unreasonable," said Tom, penitently; "but this adventure is so different from any of your others that I have read about."

"Well, is n't variety the spice of life?" de-

manded Sindbad. "You would n't have all my voyages exactly alike, would you?"

"No; but I thought we'd do some hunting, and maybe a little whale-fishing, and fight giants, and all that sort of thing. Instead of that—"

"Well, good gracious! we have n't been traveling twenty-four hours yet—not eighteen. To my way of thinking we've crowded a good deal of adventure into that time. I don't know what you expect."

"Well, I guess you're right, Mr. Sindbad," acknowledged Tom. "You see I'm not used to this exploring business, and maybe I have some wrong ideas."

"Spoken like a man; if I could get at you I would shake your hand," said Sindbad, warmly. "Then we are good friends again."

Before Tom could reply, a terrific explosion rent the air. So great was the concussion that both the explorers lost their hold on the ladder. As Tom found himself whirling through space he arrived by a very rapid mental process at the conclusion that his first voyage with Sindbad was destined to be his last.

The joint career of the two adventurers was not to end just then, however; in about half a second both Sindbad and Tom were lying on their backs, staring up at an opening not more than twelve or fifteen feet above them.

"Are you hurt?" asked the great explorer.

"No; are you?"

"Oh, no; it is n't so easy to hurt me."

"Why, we can't have fallen more than a foot or two."

"No; don't you see how it is? We've been climbing down an endless ladder—a sort of treadmill. It is only a dozen feet in length; but we might have been kept going a week, if we had been able to hold on so long. Our weight evidently put in operation some intricate mechanical system. It was a mean trick; I would n't have thought it of the Sultan."

"What do you suppose caused that awful explosion?" asked Tom.

"Why, the Sultan was evidently monkeying with that keg of powder. A powder-keg, a sun-glass, and an illiterate potentate are a bad combination. The keg must have been placed very near the slab over our heads."

"One of the pieces of marble almost hit me on the forehead," said Tom.

"Oh, well," said the explorer, lightly, "you could n't be hurt much while traveling with me. But," he added, "there does n't seem to be any particular necessity for us to lie here on our backs any longer, since neither of us is injured in the least."

"That's so, Mr. Sindbad," replied Tom, struck by the force of the remark.

"Then rise to your feet, and help me up."

Tom did so.

"Now," he asked, "what shall we do?"

"Press on, of course. There's the subterranean passage that the Sultan spoke of"; and Sindbad pointed to a roughly hewn tunnel about eight feet high, and five feet in width, which yawned before them.

Tom could not help shuddering.

"Do you think we'd better venture in there?" he asked.

"I wish you would n't talk such nonsense," said Sindbad petulantly. "Really, you're by no means the good company I thought you to be. We've got to go somewhere, have n't we?"

"I suppose so," sighed Tom.

"Well, do you prefer to return to New Bagdad and be torn to pieces by the populace or the wild horses? Because if you do I'll boost you up; but I warn you I sha'n't attempt to follow you."

"No, no, we'll take our chances in the subterranean passage," said Tom hurriedly.

"Come on, then, for there's no telling when those New Bagdadites will take it into their heads to start after us."

And Sindbad plunged boldly into the tunnel, followed closely by his partner.

At first they walked very cautiously, Sindbad slightly in advance of Tom. But the road was so smooth and even that they gradually accelerated their pace, and were soon trotting along at the rate of, perhaps, four miles an hour.

For some time neither spoke; Tom was the first to break the silence.

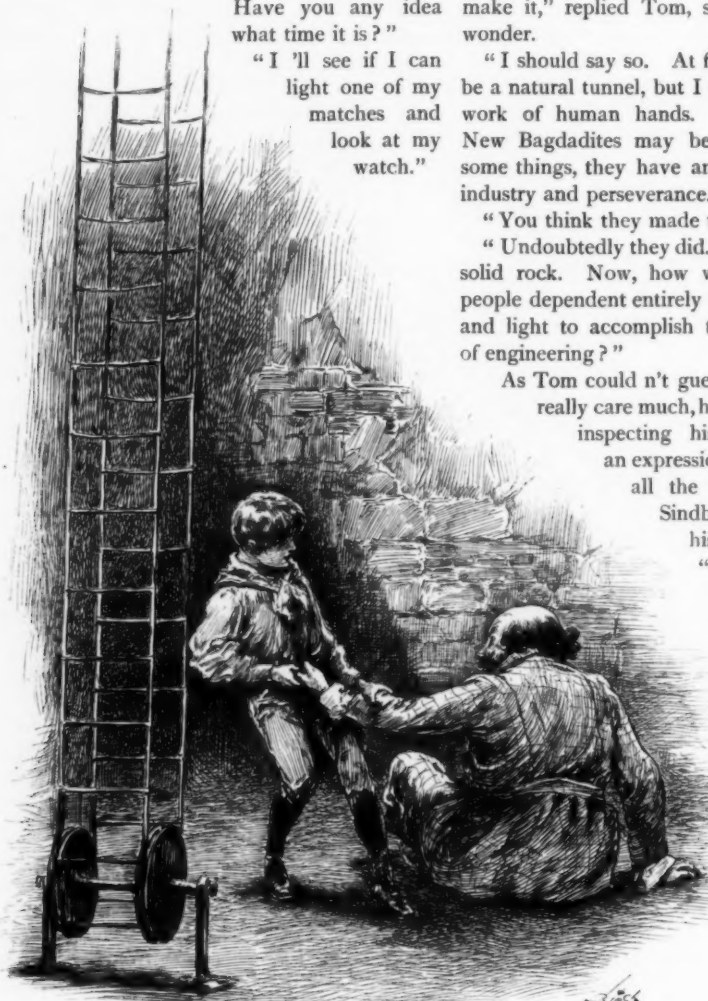
"How long do you suppose this walk is going to last, Mr. Sindbad?" he asked.

"It is impossible for me to say," replied the

explorer. "The tunnel may be ten miles in length, or it may be ten thousand. You don't see any light ahead, do you? — your eyes are younger and, it may be, better than mine."

"No, sir, I do not. Have you any idea what time it is?"

"I 'll see if I can light one of my matches and look at my watch."



"TOM ROSE TO HIS FEET, AND HELPED SINDBAD UP."

After scratching half a dozen or more matches on the sole of his shoe Sindbad succeeded in striking a light.

"Let 's look around us a little before bother-

ing about the time," he said. "Here, you keep one burning until they are all gone. That 's it! Well, what do you think of the place?"

"It must have been an awful hard job to make it," replied Tom, staring about him in wonder.

"I should say so. At first I thought it might be a natural tunnel, but I see now that it is the work of human hands. Really, though the New Bagdadites may be behind the age in some things, they have an immense amount of industry and perseverance."

"You think they made this tunnel?"

"Undoubtedly they did. See, it is cut through solid rock. Now, how was it possible for a people dependent entirely upon the sun for heat and light to accomplish this really great feat of engineering?"

As Tom could n't guess, and as he did n't really care much, he said nothing. After

inspecting his surroundings with an expression of awe until nearly

all the matches were gone,

Sindbad said, glancing at

his watch once more :

"Well, let us press on ;

it 's only a few min-

utes after noon,

and we may get

out of this be-

fore night."

"I 'm aw-

fully hungry,"

grumbled Tom

as they resumed

their way.

"Dear, dear!

it seems to me

that boys think

of nothing but

eating!" said

Sindbad in a

tone indicative

of his extreme

disgust.

"I 'm sorry," replied Tom; "but I can't think of anything else when I 'm so hungry.

Why, I have n't had anything but that apple

to eat since dinner yesterday."

"Neither have I, but you don't hear *me* complain. What would you do if you had to go without food for six months at a time?"

"I'd die," Tom answered promptly.

"Don't be so sure of that; you never know what you can do until you try."

"Did you ever go without food for six months, Mr. Sindbad?" asked Tom.

"Yes, indeed; it was during my ninety-first voyage. But, to be perfectly honest with you, and to prevent your experimenting at some future time with possibly disastrous results, I should state that it was only through the kindness of a fairy to whom I had done a favor that I was enabled to survive the ordeal. But to go without food twenty-four hours, or a week — pooh! *that's* nothing."

"You have known a great many fairies in your time, have n't you, Mr. Sindbad?" said Tom, a little enviously.

"Yes, indeed," replied Sindbad. "Why, at one time Fairyland was as familiar to me as Bagdad, or London, or Paris. It's a nice place, too; fine climate, unsurpassed scenery, and no mosquitos or other nuisances. But it has its disadvantages."

"What are they?" asked Tom.

"Well, for one thing, it's monotonous — awfully so. I did n't like the society at all. It's only once in a while that you find a really intellectual fairy; most of them are content to spend their time playing tricks on unsuspecting mortals. You've read of that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, there's more of it done than you'd believe. Germany and Ireland are favorite tenting-grounds for the fairy folk, as you probably know."

"And where is Fairyland itself?" queried Tom breathlessly.

"Oh, you must n't ask that," returned Sindbad, in a tone of reserve. "Really, I'm afraid I've said too much already."

"What's the harm in answering my question?" said Tom. "If you'll tell me where Fairyland is, I'll promise never to mention it to any one."

"My dear boy," said Sindbad, "the location of Fairyland is as great a secret as that of New

Bagdad. Probably I could n't find it myself again without magical aid. What little I know about it, I can't possibly confide in any one; if you are a gentleman you will say no more on the subject."

A little hurt by his companion's tone, Tom subsided; for nearly an hour neither of the partners spoke.

"I got a sniff of fresh air just then," said Sindbad so suddenly that his companion jumped nervously at the sound of his voice. "We are probably not very far from the exit."

"I hope you are right," said Tom. "I shall be mighty glad to get out of this place."

"I don't see why," his partner replied snappishly. "The walking is good; I'm sure this is much better than tramping over a hot, dusty country road. It seems to me you are rather hard to please."

Tom closed his lips tightly to prevent himself from making a sharp reply, and mentally denominated Sindbad an "old crank." But the explorer presently said in a milder tone:

"I'm afraid I'm getting cross; the fact is, I'm tired. Suppose we sit down and give ourselves a few minutes' rest?"

Tom gladly acquiesced; he would have made the same proposition himself some time before if he had not been afraid of a contemptuous rebuff from Sindbad.

The partners seated themselves side by side, with their backs against the stone wall of the tunnel. Tom was about to ask Sindbad to narrate one of his voyages not included in the collection in the "Arabian Nights," when a snore from that eminent traveler announced his arrival in that much explored but little known country, the mystic Land of Nod.

## CHAPTER X.

### SHIPWRECKED.

How Sindbad did snore! Tom had never heard anything to equal his feats in that line. But soon the sounds grew fainter and fainter; then Tom ceased to hear them; the junior partner was sleeping too. He was presently awakened by the voice of the famous explorer:

"This won't do at all. Come, Thomas, I

can't indulge you any longer; we must be on our way. But first I think I'll put on the enchanted trousers; we shall need money when we get out."

While Sindbad was doing so, Tom fell asleep again, for which he received a severe reprimand from Sindbad, who said:

"The spirit of adventure which you at first manifested seems to have left you entirely. The idea of sleeping in the midst of danger! Tut, tut!"

Tom said nothing. They toiled on until the sniff of fresh air that had been vouchsafed to Sindbad became quite a sharp breeze.

"It's queer we don't see light ahead," said the explorer. "Certainly we — ouch!"

"What's the matter?" asked Tom, coming to an abrupt standstill; he was a few feet behind his companion.

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied the explorer; "I've run up against a stone wall, and knocked all the skin off my nose, and raised a lump as big as a hen's egg on my forehead—that's all. Such things never used to happen to me when I was alone. Well, now we're in a fix, for we've reached the end of the tunnel, it seems."

"No we have n't," said Tom eagerly, "this is only a turning-place; look to your right and you'll see the exit."

Sindbad glanced in the direction indicated and saw, far in the distance, a small circular opening, through which a faint light was struggling in.

"You're right, my boy," said the senior partner in an altered tone. "Did n't I tell you I'd see you through? We'll be out of this place in fifteen minutes."

Sindbad had miscalculated the distance, however; it was nearly half an hour before they emerged from the tunnel. The opening was so small that they were obliged to crawl through it on all fours. The task accomplished, they found themselves standing upon a pebbly beach. Before them was a seemingly limitless stretch of water, dimly illumined by the light of the moon, which had almost sunk beneath the waves. At their feet was moored a small boat.

"Now, what place is this, I wonder?" said Sindbad. "No matter; we'll remember it, so

that if at any time we feel inclined to return we can do so."

"Why," cried Tom, "the entrance to the tunnel is gone!"

It had, in fact, entirely disappeared; the spot at which they had emerged was now covered by a huge boulder, which had materialized while their backs were turned.

"This is the work of fairies; I recognize it at once," said Sindbad with an air of superior knowledge. "It would n't be of the slightest use to try to find that tunnel again. Now let's get into that boat as quickly as we can."

"Do you think we'd better?" asked Tom dubiously.

"If I did not, I should not say so," replied the explorer, a little severely. "Jump in and take one of the two pairs of oars you see."

As he spoke Sindbad stepped into the boat, while Tom followed him rather reluctantly, saying:

"I wonder if this boat was put here on purpose for our use. But of course it could n't have been."

"Of course it *was*," said Sindbad. "Will you make haste? Untie the boat now—that's it. Now then, row for all you are worth!"

"Why are you in such a hurry, Mr. Sindbad?" asked Tom, as he obeyed.

"Don't you understand—*can't* you see," cried the explorer in a high-pitched voice, "that this shore is enchanted ground, and that we want to get as far away from it as we can in the shortest possible time?"

"Oh, I did n't know *that*!" said Tom, apologetically.

"Well, you ought to have known it," responded Sindbad.

"I never saw enchanted ground before," added the boy.

"That does n't make any difference."

"It looks just like any other ground," said Tom, a little offended by his companion's tone.

A contemptuous sniff from Sindbad was the only reply. A long and very unpleasant silence followed. The moon disappeared, black clouds arose and obscured the sky. Tom began to feel nervous. He did not want to be the first to speak, but he was willing to meet his com-

panion half way. He purposely rowed as badly as he could, and once or twice stopped altogether, hoping to elicit a reprimand from the explorer, but not a word would Sindbad utter. At last he gave up in despair, and said politely:

"Mr. Sindbad!"

"Did you speak?" asked his partner icily.

"Yes; it's awful dark, isn't it?"

"Well, what do you expect, with the moon down and the sky covered with clouds?"

"We can't see where we are going."

"That may be a blessing," replied Sindbad in a tone of awful significance.

"What do you mean?" cried Tom. "Have you any idea where we are?"

"Perhaps I have, perhaps I have n't," was the unsatisfactory answer. "There are a good many things which you would n't understand if I explained them to you."

"Whose fault would that be?" asked Tom, a good deal nettled by his partner's tone.

"I do not care to discuss that question," replied Sindbad in the most freezing manner; "I leave you to draw your own inferences. And I would suggest that if you cannot row a more even stroke you stop altogether. I'm an old man, but I think I could manage this boat by myself, even on these dangerous waters."

"Very well, sir, you may do it." And Tom threw his oars into the bottom of the boat, and for some minutes sat with folded arms in an attitude indicative of the extreme indignation he felt. Sindbad could not see him, however, and it was rather an uncomfortable position, so he presently relaxed, reflecting that his companion's advanced years might be a partial excuse for his "crankiness."

"But I won't speak first, and that settles it," was his mental resolve.

Nor did he. In about half an hour Sindbad said in a quite mild tone:

"I believe this is the very same boat upon which we were taken to New Bagdad."

"I'm sure it is," replied Tom.

"Are you? Why?" cried the explorer, eagerly.

"Because there's that little brass wheel over here at the stern—the one that Selim turned when he wanted the vessel to grow bigger.

Say, Mr. Sindbad, I'm going to turn it now; maybe we can make a ship out of this."

"No, don't!" interrupted Sindbad; but he was too late, Tom had given the wheel a rapid revolution.

The next moment the two explorers were floundering in the water; the boat had dematerialized.

"That's just like you," puffed Sindbad. "I never had such bad luck as I've had since I've been traveling with you!"

"Why, what have I done?" spluttered Tom, who was now swimming along at his companion's side. "You blame me for everything."

"I blame you for this misfortune because it is entirely your fault. What have you done? Why, just what I knew you would do—turned the wheel the wrong way."

"I believe I did!" exclaimed Tom, in a tone of extreme chagrin.

"I *know* you did."

"And you think that is what made the boat disappear?"

"Of course; if you had turned it in the same direction in which you saw Selim turn it we should now be on board a ship like the one that took us to New Bagdad. But you would not listen to me. No, you knew better than I did—and you see what has happened. I predict that you'll come to no good end, young man."

"If you knew all about the wheel from the beginning, why did n't you tell me to turn it before?" asked Tom hotly. "What sense was there in rowing until you were half tired to death?"

"Perhaps I did n't think of it—perhaps I had my reasons," replied Sindbad, in a voice that betrayed no little mental irritation. "And let me tell you right now, that I do not propose to be catechized by a young—"

At this moment—greatly to the satisfaction of Tom, we are sorry to say—the eminent explorer swallowed a large mouthful of salt water, part of which "went the wrong way." When he had finished spluttering and spluttering he did not seem inclined to resume the conversation; and for a long time the two adventurers swam on side by side in silence.

Tom was the first to speak. "I'm tired," he said.

"Indeed?" was Sindbad's frigid response.

"I don't believe I can swim much farther," went on the junior explorer, rather faintly.

"Dear! dear!" sniffed Sindbad. "Why, I'm just getting warmed up to it. Boys are not what they used to be in my time. Well, if you can't swim you can float—that won't be too great an exertion for you, will it?"

The explorer's sarcasm so angered Tom that he was about to make a very sharp reply, when Sindbad, who was now some rods ahead, called out in an altered tone:

"Hallo! Why, we've reached land! You'll be able to wade in a minute. Be careful now, and you'll soon be out of danger."

In much less than a minute Tom was staggering along in the dark, only knee-deep in water; a few seconds later both explorers were on dry land once more.

Sindbad groped about in the darkness, and gained possession of Tom's hand.

"Let bygones be bygones, partner," he said, in a rather shaky voice.

Tom was melted at once.

"All right, Mr. Sindbad," he replied. "Say no more about it."

"Spoken like a gentleman," said Sindbad. "And you can't blame me—now, can you—for being angry at your idiotic conduct in turning that wheel in the wrong direction?"

Tom had to bite his tongue to keep back an angry reply; after a moment he said:

"That's all right, Mr. Sindbad, let it go. Where do you suppose we are?"

"On an uninhabited island without doubt, and surrounded by frightful dangers," replied the explorer, in his most sprightly manner. "I have n't the least doubt that our lives are in imminent peril. This really does begin to seem like old times. Now, are n't you enjoying yourself immensely?"

"Y-yes," said Tom; "but what do you think we had better do now?"

"Why, walk until we get out of the reach of the tide, which is rising; then go to sleep."

"In these wet clothes?" cried Tom in dismay.

"Why, of course," replied Sindbad. "You

seem to have curious ideas about the life of a professional explorer. You ought to do your exploring in a private car with a couple of attendants to see that you don't get in a draft."

"I only thought—" began the junior partner.

"Never mind what you 'only thought,'" interrupted Sindbad, "but attend to what I say. We can't see a foot ahead of us, so it would be folly to attempt to travel far to-night. Luckily for us, it is quite warm for this time of year. Here, give me your arm, and walk until I tell you to stop."

Tom silently obeyed, and they toiled up a rugged, rocky steep until Sindbad said:

"There! We're not in danger of drowning now, at any rate. We'll lie down here and sleep until morning. Select a soft spot for yourself, and don't talk to me any more, for I'm sleepy. Good night."

"Good-night," said Tom, and he began looking—or rather feeling—about for the soft spot. He did not find it, for the eminent voyager had paused upon a large flat rock. But fatigue soon overcame him, and he lay down and fell into a sound sleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight; Sindbad still lay snoring, a few feet distant. As he rose and looked about him, Tom involuntarily burst into a loud laugh.

"What's the matter?" cried Sindbad, wide awake in a moment and springing to his feet.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Why, you said this was an uninhabited island," replied Tom. "It is n't anything of the sort. That village is Newhampton; we're in Connecticut, and within fifty miles of Oakdale."

For a moment Sindbad seemed just the least bit embarrassed; but only for a moment.

"Dear me, so we are!" he said. "And the morning must be quite well advanced too. How we have slept! My clothes are quite dry, and I see yours are. Now, my boy, stick to me, and don't allow yourself to become excited, and I'll see you through."

"What do you think we'd better do now?" asked Tom, almost stupefied by his companion's coolness.

"Why, go to breakfast, of course," answered the explorer. "Come."

(To be continued.)

A MAY-DAY PARTY IN CENTRAL PARK.



## THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### JOHN IN "THE BLACK CASTLE."

EASTWARD from the dull and almost waveless waters of the Dead Sea, there is a wild and gloomy land of mountainous heights and dark, precipitous ravines. On one of the highest points of rock, overlooking the surrounding country, Herod had constructed over the ruins of a former fort the stronghold and palace of Machærus, or "The Black Castle." A town had grown up near by, with heathen temples, a theater, and places of trade and manufacture. The palace had been made so splendid that Herod preferred it as a residence, especially as it was close to the frontier of Judea, and as from it he could readily go to any other part of his dominions, unwatched and unimpeded. Here, at least, he could do whatever he pleased, and all prisoners were at his mercy.

It was by no means safe for a stranger to draw near to the frowning gates of the citadel of Machærus; but the disciples of John did come, again and again, only to be refused admission. For a long time, therefore, the Baptizer was in comparative ignorance of what might be going on in the great world beyond the castle walls. Its kings might come or go; its kingdoms might rise or fall; its cities might prosper or perish; and no news of all could penetrate the solid stone that walled him in.

A deep, dark, rock-hewn room was that dungeon under the citadel of Machærus. High up, near the outer level, was one small window and the door was heavy, barred and grated.

Its occupant was a gaunt, tall, uncouth man in a coarse tunic of camel's hair girded with a broad belt of leather. He had preached to

multitudes, and he and his disciples had baptized vast numbers. He had actually brought about an important reformation in public morals; but, more than all, he had proclaimed himself one sent to declare the speedy coming of another "mightier than I," concerning whom the people who heard John obtained only a vague idea. But John's hearers were encouraged to expect the King who was to restore the throne and crown of David.

Whatever John had understood or expected, his work seemed ended, for there was no possible escape from Herod's dungeon.

It was ended; and yet, one morning, some faithful friends who came to the outer gate of the castle to seek him found the gate open. They were led in, past other gates, through corridors, down flights of steps, until they were permitted to stand at the grated door of the dungeon. After their greetings they told him their errand. One after another, they related the story of all that had been done by the one whom John himself had baptized, and whom he had declared prophetically to be "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

Their sad voices were echoed by the vault where their prophet was now confined. If, indeed, the promised One had come, why should his first witness be condemned to the Machærus dungeon? So the burden of their report and their question was, "What hast thou to say of Jesus of Nazareth?"

John heard them patiently, but he could not answer their questions. All he could say was:

"Go, two of you, and ask him, and bring me word again."

Not all of those who came had been admitted within the castle walls. At some little distance down the slope there sat by the way-

side one who seemed to have come with them. He was a large man in tattered raiment, and now he sat there as if begging, holding out for alms, toward the gay courtiers and guests of Herod who sauntered by, a withered hand. He did not ask in vain, for now and then a coin was thrown to him; but oftener he met a scornful rebuff.

He sat there until at last the great gate of the citadel once more was opened, the outer guards stepped aside, and the little band of the Baptizer's disciples came dejectedly out into the road that led on downward toward the town. They made no pause until they reached

"What saith the prophet?" he asked. "What doth he tell you of the Galilean?"

"He can tell us nothing," said one of the foremost of John's visitors — one who had been a spokesman in the dungeon. "But he bade me and Cleopas go and seek Jesus, and ask, so that not only we, but John himself, might know what to think of this matter."

"I go also, then," responded Ezra the Swordmaker. "Perhaps this time I can succeed in passing through Pilate's dominions to Galilee. They can but slay me. Thrice have I tried and failed. I will go alone, lest the swords that would slay me should find you also. My hand betrays me to Pilate's men; it is like the mark of Cain."

That hand indeed was a reason against venturing once more among the enemies from whom he had escaped. It was better that the two disciples of John should select a different route, and follow it by themselves. Ezra, therefore, turned away from them, and long before sunset had reached a rocky ridge, east of the Jordan, from which he could look back upon the beetling battlements of Machærus, far away on the horizon. At his left, southerly, spread the glassy, gloomy water of the Dead Sea.

"I must see him," he said. "I must see Jesus of Nazareth, and find out who he is. First of all, however, I must find Lois and Cyril. God keep them! But who can rejoice in his children during such troublous times as these bid fair to be?"

Meanwhile Cyril and Lois, far away, had been listening to a sermon which the Teacher had preached to a great multitude. When they discussed it afterward, they were able to repeat parts of it with the accuracy which was common to the Jewish children, trained in the severe schools of the rabbis.

"You remember more than I," said Cyril to Lois, at last. "How I wish father could have been there! And what a multitude there was! Yet all could hear him."

"I long for a sight of father's face more and more," replied Lois. "I know it is not safe for him to come, but he would be almost safe if he could once get into Galilee."

"Perhaps he would," said Cyril. "He is



"THEY WERE PERMITTED TO STAND AT THE GRATED DOOR OF THE DUNGEON."

the beggar by the wayside. As they drew near he arose to his feet, his manner no longer that of a beggar pleading for alms, but rather that of a soldier awaiting orders.

now, I believe, somewhere in Judea, or beyond it, in the wilderness."

This was the first time that either she or Cyril had followed the Teacher so far from their home in Capernaum. That city was now many miles away, and Cyril did not mean to return to it at once.

"Suppose," said Cyril, "that we set out with the Teacher and the Twelve to-morrow, and go as far as Nain? We can then take the highway from there all the way to Capernaum. That will make our journey shorter than to go back the way we came."

Lois assented, for it was in accord with a promise of speedy return which she had made to Abigail.

The next morning came, and Cyril and Lois were among the long, continually changing throng which followed Jesus toward Nain, as similar crowds had attended him from place to place in all his toilsome, unceasing ministry.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE SON OF THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

EVEN the greater number of those who were present could not be near enough actually to see a sick person healed, because of the crowd.

"We will keep as near him as we can," remarked Cyril to Lois, at setting out.

Others were as eager as they, however; and much of the time they were compelled to follow at some distance, and talk with each other or with various wayfarers concerning works of marvelous healing which they themselves had not witnessed. It was remarkable how many of those they talked with were almost as strongly persuaded as was Cyril himself that the kingdom of David for which they were longing was at hand. So the hours went by as they walked on along the shady highway toward the little walled town of Nain.

As they drew near the town they were compelled to pause, for a number of people came slowly and mournfully walking through the open gate.

It was a funeral procession, and as it drew near enough both Cyril and Lois could hear the talk of those who came on in advance.

The dead man was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

The mother closely followed the bearers, but she was silent amid the noisy wailing of other mourners. Of these some were professionals, such as mourned for hire at the funerals of that day; but more were friends and neighbors, and their cries were a genuine testimony of their grief and their sympathy.

The mother was no longer young. She seemed pitifully withered and old and feeble, as she tottered along the way, out from the gate of Nain.

"If her son had been only sick," said Lois, "the Master would have cured him. But look, Cyril! What is he going to do?"

At that moment the pent-up sorrow of the widowed mother burst forth in passionate weeping. The throng which had followed the Master had paused out of respect for the funeral procession, but he himself had not paused. Now he stood so near the mother that her sobbing seemed an appeal to him, although she spoke no words nor addressed him in any way.

"Weep not," he said, and the tone with which he spoke seemed a kindly command; and as he spoke he turned from her and stepped close to the bier.

"He will be defiled!" exclaimed a low voice behind Cyril. "A rabbi must not touch the dead! But I have done with him. He does not teach the Law."

Cyril turned, and saw Ben Nassur, standing among the disciples. He had walked many miles the day before, from Cana, to hear the Sermon on the Mount. Ben Nassur himself even withdrew yet farther, although he was already at a safe distance.

The face of the sorrowing mother was bent low above the white cloth which covered the body on the bier. The Master had touched the bier, as if bidding the bearers to halt, and they at once halted and lowered it.

The throng stood still, as if turned to stone. There was a moment of silence, and then the voice of the Master was heard:

"Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."

The form upon the bier arose to a sitting posture. "Mother!" came from the son's lips; but beyond one sob she could make no sound.

A great fear fell upon all who saw or heard, and the mother's face, too, was white with awe, but not with the dread that came to the others. She stood with her arms outreaching, in a terrified doubt if indeed her son were coming back. She was understood, for now the risen man was on his feet, and the Master led him to his

But the mother and her son, with their immediate friends, hastened into the city.

"I shall go back to Cana," exclaimed Ben Nassur. "It is time the very chief priests and doctors at Jerusalem should take some action concerning this man whom the people follow. Nobody will know what to believe."

"I feel so glad for that poor mother," exclaimed Lois. "If only father could have been there!"

"If he does not come soon," replied Cyril, "I must seek for him."

"But now we are to return to Capernaum," Lois reminded him.

"We have fully twenty miles to go," said Cyril, "perhaps more; but we can go by way of Nazareth."

But, after some discussion of the routes, she and Cyril took the shorter road that went toward the lake, several miles east of the place where the youth of Jesus was passed.

They reached Capernaum on the following day, and Cyril went at once to his work among the boats and nets, while Lois returned to her needle-work.

They were the first to bring to Capernaum the story of the widow's son at Nain.



"LOIS RETURNED TO HER NEEDLE-WORK."

mother. In the crowd, though they were still stricken with wonder, some began to rejoice, and there arose a triumphant voice crying:

"A great prophet has risen among us!"

Then, like a response, from the men of Nain came back another cry of joy:

"God has visited his people!"

Both Cyril and Lois were eager to be always with the Teacher, although they fully understood and expected that before long he would be once more in Capernaum. If, however, they could have been with him only a few days after they left him at Nain, they might have witnessed one result of the conference at

the door of John's dungeon in the Black Castle.

All days were not alike in the work of the Master, so far as men could see or understand it. There were days when he seemed almost seeking to escape from his task, as if it overburdened him; and there were many nights when he went away by himself to lonely places for prayer or meditation. There seemed, however, to be days of special power, and one of these came at this time. The crowd was dense around him; the sick and afflicted were many, and he healed them. He spoke to the throngs that followed him.

Standing among those crowded about were three men, strangers to those around them. They were sunburned, ascetic-looking men, thin as if with fasting, and their sandals were worn with much travel. They had on the coarse garments worn by the Zealots of the Judean wilderness, hermit-like men whom most of the Jewish people held in great respect.

These listened and watched hour after hour, until at last one of them stepped directly in front of the Master and seemed about to speak.

It was by no means uncommon for men to ask questions, and his answers were always listened for with eager interest; and there was a silence, for the manner of Jesus was as if he had said to the stranger, "Speak."

"John sent us unto thee," said the inquirer, "bidding us ask of thee, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

This question, like an undertone, was heard in all the talk concerning the Prophet of Nazareth. It was in another form Cyril's question about the Captain.

"Go," said the Master, "and shew John again those things which you do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."

The questioner bowed low and turned away, followed by his companions. No man hindered them; but as they passed beyond the border of the crowd that still was pressing toward the Teacher, one of them stood still and said to the

others: "Go ye to Machærus. Bear ye his message to John. It is yours to bear, not mine. I go to Capernaum. Yet I think you will see me again, not many days hence."

So they parted, and Ezra the Swordmaker turned his steps toward the north.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### EZRA'S WITHERED HAND.

THE next Saturday, the Sabbath, was memorable in Capernaum. When the morning came it seemed as if the city awoke in a great fever of excitement and expectation. The Prophet of Nazareth was known to have returned, and he was to preach at the synagogue. All through the town, too, there were sick people from the country around, and even from far away, who had been brought there to be healed. Not that they thought that anything could be done for them upon the Sabbath. Those who were suffering must suffer one day more, and those who were about to die must be left to die. They were utterly sincere, for thousands of Jews had fallen by the swords of their enemies rather than break the law of the Sabbath, as they understood it.

So far as attendance upon religious services was concerned, Cyril was now regarded as a man. He could go to the synagogue, like his elders, and find a seat where he would, so long as he did not take one of those reserved for dignitaries. Lois also could go, but not with her brother. She and all other women went by unfrequented streets, so far as possible, and might greet no one by the way. On reaching the threshold of the synagogue all had to take off their sandals.

The separate place for women in the synagogue of Capernaum was raised like a gallery above the main floor where the men sat. From this gallery, at the beginning of the services, Lois was looking down through the lattice which prevented the women from being seen.

The Teacher occupied a seat in front, facing the rest, and Lois could see that many of those who were present were intently watching him.

"There is Ben Nassur," she said to herself, as she caught sight of the rabbi. "He has come all the way from Cana."

Perhaps he had come because of his great zeal for the Law; for he and other wise and learned rabbis of the sect of the Pharisees had been of late greatly disturbed by what they had heard concerning some of the doings and teachings of the Prophet of Nazareth. They thought

Cyril at that moment turned, but the synagogue was not the place for greetings. Besides, the swordmaker's left hand on his shoulder seemed to be pressing him down into silence, as Jesus of Nazareth arose to read, from the scriptures handed him, the appointed lesson of the



"IT IS RESTORED WHOLE AS THE OTHER," GASPED CYRIL, AS HIS FATHER LIFTED THAT RIGHT HAND BEFORE THE CONGREGATION."

him too bold; and some of the things he had said sounded new. They were such teachings as had never yet received the approval of the scribes, the chief priests, or the rabbis.

"There is Cyril just behind Isaac," thought Lois; and then suddenly her heart gave a great leap, and her face turned as pale as ashes.

"It is father!" she said, but not aloud, almost rising from her seat; "he has touched Cyril."

day. He read the written word, but he was also reading the thoughts of the watchful, suspicious Pharisees before him. He saw Ben Nassur turn and stare at Ezra and at the withered hand which the swordmaker at last held up as if inviting the attention of the Master. Many saw the gesture, and a kind of mute question passed from face to face: "Will he heal on the Sabbath?" Very different was the thought

of Lois: "Father has come. I wish I could ask the Master to heal his hand."

Cyril said nothing. He seemed to himself not even to be thinking, hardly to be breathing.

"How eager Cyril looks!" thought Lois. "And father! Will the Master answer them?"

She, too, was now gazing at the Master, with all her heart in her eyes, while Isaac was putting out a hand as if to restrain Ezra, at the moment when the voice of Jesus rang through the synagogue: "Stand forth."

Forward strode the brawny swordmaker, and there he stood, fixing his eyes upon those of the man he had come so far and dared so much to see. Lois thought she had never seen a nobler-looking man than her father, nor a handsomer youth than her brother. Cyril also had started forward; but he had paused, and was now a few steps behind Ezra, his young face all ablaze and his lips parted in eager expectation. The countenance of the Master did not wear its usual expression.

He glanced from one to another of those who, with Ben Nassur, were waiting, so full of ready condemnation, to see what he would do, and then he asked:

"Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?"

No voice responded to the Master's question.

It was easy to see that the Pharisees were very angry, but not with the kind of anger, that was more like sorrow, glowing in the face of Jesus of Nazareth.

"Stretch forth thine hand," he said to Ezra the Swordmaker.

Out went the sinewy arm to its full length, while a strong shuddering shook the frame of its owner. He obeyed promptly, instantly, vigorously, like a soldier obeying his captain; but, as he did so, every sinew and fiber of arm and hand were tingling, and the veins in which no blood had freely coursed for long and heart-sore years were throbbing full again.

"It is restored whole as the other!" gasped Cyril, as his father lifted that right hand toward heaven before the congregation.

Shouts arose, and there were many who glorified God; but Ben Nassur and the Pharisees arose and stalked out of the synagogue.

"The people are with him here," said Isaac

to his zealous friends. "All the rabble believe he is a prophet. Even the centurion in command of the garrison is his friend. We must go and take counsel. He has broken the Sabbath! He claims to be above the Law. It is Beelzebub that helps him."

"Herod is at Machærus, but all his friends here will unite to crush a man who talks of a new kingdom," said another.

Cyril heard, for he had been swept along a little distance by the crowd, all the more helplessly because he had been trying to keep his eyes upon his father, still standing before the synagogue and gazing at the Teacher.

The latter was again speaking, and now in all directions the friends of the sick were hurrying away to bring them forth for healing. Not for Ezra alone had the bondage of the Pharisees been removed forever from the uses of the Sabbath.

"I must speak to my father," exclaimed Lois to a friend, as she left the synagogue. "I am so thankful! There he is!"

"My son," the swordmaker was saying at that moment, "I have seen him. Yes, he is the King! He is come! So they carried word to John in his prison. The time is near at hand."

"Didst thou speak to him?" asked Cyril.

"I did speak," returned Ezra, his dark eyes glancing with glad light, and his renewed hand moving its firm, strong fingers, as if to do so gave him the keenest pleasure. "But what I said I know not—only that he answered me, 'A little while.'"

"A little while?" Cyril asked eagerly.

"But I cannot wait here," said Ezra; "I must see Lois, and then I must depart. Thou must abide here for a season, to be near him; and I will tell thee where to find me. Seest thou that hand?"

"It is as strong as ever," said Cyril joyfully.

"Strong for the forge!" exclaimed Ezra.

"Full many a blade must pass under the hammer before we can arm that first legion of our King, which is to capture the great storehouse of Roman weapons in Herod's tower at Jerusalem. But first I must go and show that hand as a witness to those in the wilderness of Judea who wait for the kingdom."

(To be continued.)

## A MAY-DAY SHOWER.



BY M. A. THOMSON.

BIRDS are singing,  
Bells are ringing,  
Children bringing  
Garlands fair;  
Maids are scorning  
Clouds of warning;  
Gay adorning  
On May morning  
Girls will wear.

Rain is falling,  
Hearts appalling;  
Some one 's calling,  
"Homeward skip!"  
Isabella's,  
Ruth's and Ella's,  
Maud's and Stella's  
Wet umbrellas—  
How they drip!

"Hat and feather,  
Altogether  
Spoiled by weather,"  
Ruth bemoans;  
Dress and frilling,  
Sash and quilling,  
All so killing,  
Maud, unwilling,  
"Ruined!" owns.

Hey day! Hey day!  
Choose not May-Day  
For a play-day  
Out of doors:  
Or, prepare ye;  
New gear spare ye;  
Old clothes wear ye;  
Never care ye  
When it pours.



Little Tom Barber  
Sat in the arbor  
Wearing a gay new tie.  
Some other boys stared  
As his graces he aired  
Saying: "Don't we look fine!  
Oh my!"

Dorothy G. Rice.





ALICE was acquiring a habit of whistling while working on the prairie just outside of her sod house. She could whistle very sweetly, too, which was something of an excuse for the habit.

One day, while in the midst of her whistling and picking up corn cobs, she happened to glance toward the corn-field that was only a few rods from the house, and was very much amused to discover a jack-rabbit peeping at her from behind a corn-stalk.

She stopped her work, and at the same time her whistling, to watch the funny-looking little fellow; and he, just as soon as the whistling had ceased, became terrified at having attracted her attention, and, bounding away, quickly disappeared from view.

Alice again began to whistle, merely as an experiment, and presently the long ears pointed at her from behind another corn-stalk. She went on whistling, and the foolish little animal became so reckless that he hopped from behind the corn-stalk into full view. She then whistled her sweetest, and he came a few feet nearer. She suddenly stopped, and after a few moments of dazed indecision, the timid creature began hopping back to the corn-field as fast as he could go. Suddenly, though, she began with some sweet bird-notes, and, when he heard the

whistling again, the little animal stopped on the instant, as though she had transfixed him with a spear.

The amused experimenter continued these sweet notes with variations, and the fascinated animal, by degrees, came nearer and nearer until within a few feet of the charmer, and there he sat upon his haunches, literally "all ears," gazing at the whistler, entranced, his long ears sticking straight up in the air, as if he wished to catch every note.

Alice kept up the whistling until she was out of breath, and when she stopped the funny little creature again looked dazed, and seemed quite undecided as to what he should do; then, coming back to his senses, he was seized with a sudden panic, and casting around him a terrified glance, made long, hesitating leaps for the corn-field, where he dashed into the shelter of the shady stalks and quickly vanished once more from her sight.

After that, whenever Alice felt lonesome and wanted to see the jack-rabbit, all she had to do was to whistle for him; and it was not long before he began to listen for her summons, while he peered cautiously from behind a corn-stalk on the very edge of the field.

Alice had a brother who occasionally came to her claim. She told him all about her little

friend the jack-rabbit, and summoned it for his entertainment.

The brother remained out of sight until the little creature had taken its customary place a few feet in front of the girl; then, when he saw it seated there as immovable as a stone image, he came toward it with uplifted ax, and, taking aim, asked his sister (though only to tease her): "Shall I?"

She, very much concerned for her little friend, screamed excitedly: "Don't, don't, don't!" The

poor little animal looked up at the ax in a dazed way; then, suddenly understanding its danger, leaped away over the prairie to a distant sand-hill.

And it did not venture near the house again as long as the brother remained there.

Alice left her claim for a while to visit a



"THE FASCINATED ANIMAL CAME NEARER AND NEARER."

neighbor, and when she returned her whistling was all in vain—no jack-rabbit ever again obeyed the summons.

It may be some whistling hunter had been there during the girl's absence, and that the poor little creature's love for music had proved its death-warrant.



## A PROBLEM.

BY ESTHER W. BUXTON.

"I WONDER," said Teddy, one sunny day,  
As he gazed at the meadow, with thoughtful frown,  
"Why the grass is so pretty and green and bright,  
When it comes from the earth, so dirty and brown!"

With a look of surprise in her great blue eyes,  
"Why, don't you know?" cried small Katrine.  
"The sun is yellow, the sky is blue,  
And that is the reason the grass is green."



—  
BY MARGARET JOHNSON.  
—

"COME, come, we must hurry!" Dame Nature cries  
When the days grow long, and the last snow flies.  
"The house is really in *such* a state,  
The maids must work both early and late.  
There 's company coming; for Summer—the dear!—  
Her usual visit will make this year,  
And fit for her bonny bright eyes to see,  
In apple-pie order the house must be."

Then first comes March, with a brisk new broom,  
And a smart rattan for whipping.  
Her whistle 's as clear as a blackbird's trill;  
She beats and shakes with a right good will;  
She brushes the webs from the ceiling high;  
She sweeps the nooks and the corners dry,  
Till the dust-clouds whirl, and the dead leaves fly;  
And she answers the querulous passer-by  
With a tongue both pert and nipping.

April next to the clean-swept room  
With mop and pail comes skipping.  
Her skirts tucked up from her ankles neat,  
A rainbow smile in her dimples sweet,  
She follows her sister—spatter and splash!  
Wherever she pauses the big drops dash,  
Till the house is shining from sill to sash,  
And the windows bright in the sunshine flash,  
And the very walls are dripping!

Last of all, with her cheeks a-bloom,  
 Sweet May comes daintily tripping.  
 She spreads the carpets of dazzling sheen,  
 She hangs the curtains of leafy green.  
 A touch of her fingers deft and fair,  
 And never a nook or a niche is bare.  
 She sprinkles with perfume all the air,  
 And sets her flower-bowls everywhere  
 With buds of the freshest clipping.

"Now we are ready!" the housewife cries.  
 "The maids may rest till the next snow flies!"  
 And fresher and fairer than ever before  
 The house will sparkle from ceiling to floor,  
 When Summer knocks at the good dame's door.



## THE PERVERSE SONGSTER.

By W. O. M'CLELLAND.

WHEN the clover-blooms fillip the rabbit's nose,	When the rabbit leaps, up to his ears in snow,
And the hand of the summer shakes open the	And the puffing cheeks of the North Wind
rose,	blow,
And the cuckoo to visit the willow-tree goes,	And the willow-tree rattles her fingers in woe,
What a sad note is it	Who cares not a whit?
From the little tom-tit	'T is the little tom-tit
As he mournfully sings to the world his woes:	As he cheerily calls to the world below:
"Phee-be-ee; ah, me!	"Chicadee! Look at me!
How can one be happy, and live in a tree?"	There 's nothing so fine as this life in a tree!"

## A PARTY BY THE NAME OF SMITH.

BY ARTHUR HOEBER.

WHEN I was a very little boy, I remember having a vague idea that people by the name of Smith must all be related, and I wondered how the different branches of the family kept track of one another. But though the years have straightened out my ideas somewhat, and there is less confusion about the relationship, it must be admitted that, taking them altogether, the Smiths are a large family!

Do you know how many people there are by the name of Smith in the New York city directory? Think of three thousand Smiths, most of them fathers of families, then think of their wives and children, and you will understand how a plain William or a simple John Smith is likely to be lost in the crowd. And as in New York, so in other cities, great and small. And so throughout England and Germany, for though in the latter country they call it Schmidt, it is the same old name spelled in another way. In London, Smiths fairly swarm, and they abound all over the British isles, from Land's End, away down on the south coast of Cornwall, to John o' Groat's, the most northerly point in Scotland.

You might fancy that for a man so to distinguish himself as to win a separate and distinct place among all these thousands bearing the same name would be well-nigh impossible. In sports, they have a very expressive word that they apply to a man who starts under a disadvantage. They say he is "handicapped." So we might say of an unknown Smith who seeks fame—he is handicapped by his name. And yet from Captain John Smith, the sturdy old English explorer and adventurer, down to old Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, who wrote "My Country, 't is of Thee," many distinguished men and women have honored this common name.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wittily wrote of this Dr. Smith—they were classmates together at Harvard College—

Fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith,

but it could not be done. His memory is cherished wherever his songs are sung, and the Smith family well may be proud of this worthy representative.

The Smiths, mind you, have helped to make history; and if we have not had a Caesar or a Napoleon, a Washington or a Lincoln among them, they still have played a very important part in the progress of the world.

In the early history of our nation, when wise men and true framed that famous document, the Declaration of Independence, among the patriots who had the privilege of putting their names to the ringing words was plain old James Smith, the warm friend of the great Washington, and an earnest worker for the cause of liberty. And a famous fighting preacher of those days was Cotton Mather Smith, who could expound the scripture to the troops of General Philip Schuyler, or pick off an enemy with his good old-fashioned rifle. In the war of 1812 a modest young lieutenant commanded the brig "Eagle" in the glorious victory on Lake Champlain. His name was Joseph Smith; but that did not prevent the Congress of the United States of America from giving him a vote of thanks for great gallantry in battle. At a later time, when this brave sailor had become an admiral, his son, Joseph, Jr., who had followed the father's profession, was an officer on board the ship "Congress," fighting for the cause of the Union against the Confederates. When the news reached the parent that the ship had surrendered, the admiral exclaimed, "then Joe is dead!" The

boy *was* dead; he had fallen, fighting for his flag.

In the Civil War, indeed, the Smiths swarmed. There were major-generals among them by the dozen. Among these high officers were Andrew Jackson Smith, so brave at Pleasant Hill, and the dashing cavalryman Charles Henry Smith, both of whom were thanked by Congress, and other Smiths, named John Eugene, Green Clay, Giles Alexander, Edmund Kirby, Charles Ferguson, and William Farrar (known as "Baldy" Smith), all major-generals and all distinguished. And there was Gerrit Smith, a great philanthropist, who during his life gave away over eight millions of dollars in charity, who helped the anti-slavery cause, and who finally signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, when the President of the Confederacy was captured, the other signers being Horace Greeley and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Of the hundreds of Smiths of lesser rank and of the thousands of private soldiers we may not speak here, but be sure the name was well represented on many a bloody field, and in the cemeteries where lie the honored dead who gave their lives in a glorious cause.

In the councils of the nation they have stood high. A Secretary of the Interior, Caleb Blood Smith, was largely influential in securing the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency and afterward served with credit upon the bench, as circuit judge; and the present Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's Cabinet, as you all know, is Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia. Then there was a great surgeon, Henry Hollingsworth Smith, who invented valuable methods for the relief of the wounded; a remarkable chemist, John Lawrence Smith, whose collection of meteorites was the greatest ever made; and a geologist, Eugene Allen Smith, who made many valuable discoveries.

The name is of ancient origin, and dates from the early days when men were called after the trade they followed. A smith, we are told by the "Century Dictionary," is an artificer, a worker with the hammer, such as a blacksmith, a goldsmith, a tinsmith or coppersmith, and in times gone by, long before machinery was invented, a good strong right arm was a very

useful limb, and did all the work. Powerful, muscular men hammered out heated metal on anvils and deftly shaped it into many articles essential to the comfort and happiness of primitive folks. People lived simple lives then, with only the bare necessities, and managed to be happy with little. You who have been brought up in this luxurious age of inventions can scarcely realize how many things that seem necessary to you were unknown to your ancestors' times. And the smith was then an important man. So if he was named John he was known as John, the smith, or if William, then William, the smith; and from John, the smith, to plain John Smith was not a great change. Other names to which we give no heed in these days were full of meaning in those times. A few instances will show you what is meant. Who among you does not know people with such names as Weaver, Abbot, Taylor, Waterman, Baker, Carpenter, Mason? Each of these family names originally meant that the men who bore it were just what the name implied; George, the Baker, or Harold, the Carpenter; John, the Waterman, kept the ferry across the river; Richard, the Tailor, made the clothes; So you see how the trade or occupation might give the name.

Of course, in time, additions were made, spelling changed, and different branches of each family went their own way, making such alterations in their names as, for one reason or another, suited them. Possibly some of us, even in our own time, have known of people who, not altogether satisfied with the old-fashioned way, have made similar changes in the writing of their family names, if not their Christian ones. There may be some young girl who thinks that plain Ann is more attractive when it is written Anne, or that Marianne is an improvement on simple Mary Ann. All this, however, is wandering away from our old friends, the Smiths.

We think nothing now of packing our trunks and taking a run across the broad Atlantic Ocean to Europe. Time was, however, and not so very long ago, when such a trip was an event of great importance, and not to be lightly considered. A man by the name of Junius Smith was the pioneer of this project of the

steam navigation of the high seas, and in the spring of 1838, largely through his efforts, the first steamer—her name was "Sirius"—made the voyage. Your father has a combination lock on the big safe in his office, and your mother a sewing-machine in the sitting-room upstairs. David M. Smith, inventor, thought out both these ideas some years ago; and he further originated the idea of a spring hook-and-eye; and he made the first iron lathe-dog, such as machinists now use. It was a naval architect, Archibald Cary Smith, who built the cup-defender for the yacht race of 1887, and the "Mischief" showed that the Smiths can build fast boats.

Years ago, when a terrible scourge of Asiatic cholera broke out at Smyrna, and made terrific headway, it was reserved for Azariah Smith, an American missionary and a physician as well, to stem the tide of the dread disease, and by his skill and courage to save thousands of lives. Still another missionary, Eli Smith this time, who spent years in Syria, was the first to cast a font of type in the Arabic language, and so make it possible for a Bible to be printed in that tongue. Nearer home, the greatest bridge-builder in this country was Charles Shaler Smith, an engineer of distinction, who four times spanned the big Mississippi River, and who planned the great structure over the St. Lawrence, near the Lachine rapids.

When the ruler of Japan, the country that has made such progress in the last few years, wanted the assistance of American brains and Yankee ideas, he sent over to the Government of the United States and asked the President to appoint a man who could aid him as an adviser in international law. General Grant promptly sent him over a man by the name of Smith—Erasmus Peshine Smith—a graduate of Columbia College, and a lawyer of great ability. And this man added a word to the English language, for he invented the term "telegram," as a shorter method of saying telegraphic message.

A famous college in Northampton, in Massachusetts, for the education of women, is

called Smith College, for it was founded by Miss Sophia Smith; and another woman, named Mrs. Erminie Adele Smith, was the first woman Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences. This lady, working under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, took the language of the Iroquois Indians and classified some 15,000 words.

Why, a man named Smith announced himself as a prophet, and afterward founded a new community out in the West, for Joseph Smith was the head of the Mormon church.

Artists we have had in plenty among this wonderful family, painters of pictures—some of them excellent pictures, too. You have all seen drawings in the magazines by F. Hopkinson Smith, and if you've been to the exhibitions you have seen work that he has brought back from Mexico, Holland, or Venice. And when he is not painting he can write delightful stories or pleasant accounts of his travels.

I have confined myself to the American branch of the family only, because, if we tried to include those on the other side of the water, we should be fairly swamped; but there is one curious thing I have not yet told you. There are families—some of you may know them—named Taillefer, Tolliver, Tollfer, Telfair. Now what would you say if I told you all these were only, in good, plain English,—Smith! It is a fact, nevertheless. Taillefer is derived from the French, and the others are only contractions of that word, or changes made by mispronunciation and custom. *Tuiller fer* means to shape or fashion iron; and who shapes iron but a smith? So a *taille-fer* was, after all, a smithy, or Smith.

Shakspeare's well known lines are too often quoted:

What 's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.

The name, after all, does not count for much. You have seen what can be done by men who are very much in earnest, even though they labored under the disadvantage of being one of the great Smith family.



BY H. H. BENNETT.



CLING  
And swing  
High in the budding maple-trees;  
And out on the perfumed air I fling  
A message of song to the herald breeze,  
To be carried down to the golden bees  
Where they gossip over their garnering.



Clear, long,  
And strong  
I make my song,  
That all the wakening world may hear  
The tidings sweet  
That I repeat:

*This is the joy-time of the year !*



*Be glad !  
Be glad !*

*And have no fear ;  
This is the joy-time of the year !*



The merry note  
From out my throat  
Is borne afar on wings of air ;  
And through the woodland ways  
remote

The quivering echoes rise and float,  
And every one the tidings bear :

*Be glad !  
Be glad !*

*The Spring is here ;  
This is the joy-time of the year !*

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*Cheer up !  
Cheer up !*

The blossomed cup  
Is filled for all the bees to sup.

The waters run  
Beneath the sun,  
Like strands of silver, through the grass ;  
And all the bees  
Among the trees  
Make love to every flower they pass.

*Oh, hear !  
Oh, hear !*

How loud and clear  
I sing to the listening  
world below ;

How joyously comes my  
word of cheer :

This is the joy-  
time of the  
year ;

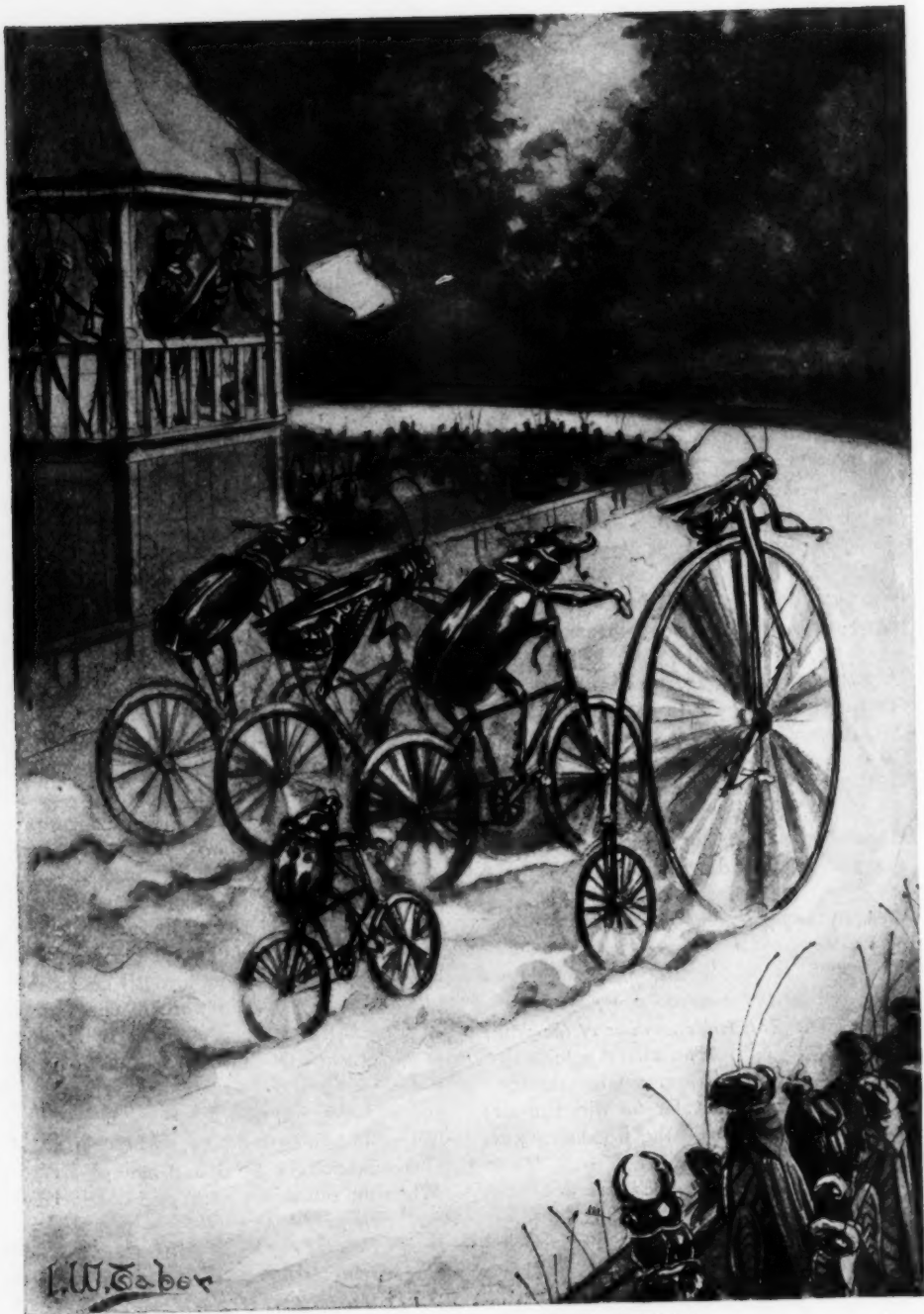


When blossoming  
wind-flowers bend and blow ;  
When the sun shines warm and waters flow,

*Be glad !  
Be glad !*

*The Spring is here.  
This is the joy-time of  
the year !*





THE GREAT BICYCLE RACE AT GRASSHOPPERTOWN—THE START.



THE FINISH—A SURPRISE.



THE FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE PICKETS ON THE RAFFAHANNOCK. (SEE PAGE 606.)

It is natural to think that in warfare all is terrible, that the opposing armies are animated by deadly hatred toward each other; but, while feelings of animosity certainly may play an important part in the actions of the powers that declare war, the soldiers engaged do not at all times conduct the strife in the same spirit. Even in civil wars, where those of the same language and nationality are opposed, there are instances showing that human kindness and courtesy have risen superior to the conflict or the questions they were engaged in settling.

For instance, at the battle of Fontenoy, fought near the little village of that name in Belgium, in 1745, occurred an episode illustrating the gallantry and politeness always so characteristic of the French — who, by the way, won the battle.

The allied armies — English, Austrians, and Dutch — were drawn up in battle array, ready to charge upon their opponents. The French, commanded by Louis XV. and Marshal Saxe,

were posted on an eminence fifty paces in front of their enemies. Lord Hay, commander of the English guards, called out:

"Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!"

Count Auteroche, a lieutenant of the French grenadiers, advanced, and, making a series of bows and salutes, doffed his hat, and replied:

"After you, gentlemen. We never fire first."

Which, upon his retiring to his place in the ranks, the English proceeded to do with dire effect, sweeping away the whole first line opposed to them.

An instance of personal regard overcoming the war spirit was told by Major Small to John Trumbull, while the artist was painting in London, after the Revolutionary war, his well-known picture of the battle of Bunker Hill. Major Small is the British officer seen in the center of the painting, turning aside the bayonet of a grenadier who is about to pierce the dying General Warren.

When the British troops advanced on the redoubt for the second time, Small, with other officers, was in the lead encouraging his men. They had advanced nearly to the breastwork when a volley was poured in upon them which was terribly effective. The British troops fell back, and when Small looked around not an officer was left standing. He glanced at the

Americans, and seeing several muskets leveled directly at him, gave himself up for lost. At this moment General Putnam, an old comrade of Small's in the French and Indian war, rushed

says he "heard the words distinctly." Bowing, he thanked Putnam, and walked away unharmed.

Another incident of the same battle is told



"AFTER YOU, GENTLEMEN. WE NEVER FIRE FIRST!"

forward, and striking up with his sword the muzzles of his men's pieces, cried out:

"Don't fire at that man, my lads; I love him as I do my brother!"

They were so near each other that the major

of General Howe. While wounded, and leaning on Major Small's arm, Howe saw that an American officer had been shot, and exclaimed: "Do you see that gallant young man who has just fallen? Do you know him?"

"I believe it is my friend Warren," answered Small, for he had recognized Dr. Samuel Warren.

"Leave me then, instantly," said Howe. "Run! Keep off our grenadiers, and save him if possible."

Small reached the fallen officer, and said to him, "I hope you are not badly hurt." The young patriot looked up, smiled, seemed to recognize his questioner, and then died, a bullet having pierced his brain.

At a later period in history, when the English, under the Duke of Wellington, were fighting with the French, commanded by some of Napoleon's famous marshals, in the Spanish peninsula, an interesting episode occurred during the

accord met at a stream midway between the lines of battle, where they quenched their thirst, and filled their canteens before resuming the conflict. The day was so hot that human nature proved stronger than discipline or the authority of their commanding officers.

We find many instances of this laying aside of the spirit of war during our War of the Rebellion.

Thus in one of the many engagements of Sherman's "March to the Sea," the "Boys in Blue," charging through thick underbrush on the "Johnnies," were mowed down by terrible discharges of musketry which set the bushes on fire. The poor fellows who had fallen, many of them severely wounded, were in danger of

burning to death. The firing ceased, and both sides helped to carry the wounded out of the reach of the flames. One of the Federal officers was so grateful that he took the revolvers from his belt and presented them, with his thanks, to a leader of the Confederates.

It is well known that the pickets on the banks of the Rappahannock would exchange coffee and tobacco, sending the articles over to one another on bits of board or chips made into little boats.

An incident illustrating the humorous side of warfare occurred in the rifle-pits along the James River in 1864. In front of Fort Totten the trenches dug by each side were very near each other. The weather had been very bad, the rain had poured down and nearly filled the trenches. When it had ceased one of the Boys in Blue called out:

"Hallo, Johnny!"

"Hello, Yank!"

"How 's the water?"

"Pretty bad," was the answer.

"Let's clean house!" the first speaker went on.

"All right!" came the other's reply.



THE LIFE OF MAJOR SMALL SAVED BY ISRAEL PUTNAM.

battle of Talavera, fought on a hot day in July, 1809. The soldiers at a critical moment in the engagement ceased their firing, and with one

And the two opposing picket-lines turned out, and spent hours in thoroughly drying out their quarters.

Toward nightfall they called to one another, and asked if the work was finished. Then, with the warning, "Get back home!" all returned to the trenches, the truce was at an end, and

the exposure of a head on either side thereafter meant death to its owner.

Many other instances could be told of this "suspension of hostilities" on the part of the common soldiers; but these few will show that, though at war, brave soldiers need not always hate one another personally.



ENGLISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS DURING THE BATTLE OF TALavera.

## TWO PICTURES.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE sun was shining calm and bright,  
The meadow grass was deep;  
The daisies and the buttercups  
Were nodding half asleep.  
And overhead the sparrows sat  
And dozed upon the bough,  
For all the world was sleepy then,  
When Johnny drove the cow.

The sun was like a flaming beast!  
The field was like the sea!  
The grass, like angry snakes, did hiss  
And wriggle at his knee.  
The sparrows turned to goblin imps  
That yelled, and fluttered on,  
As, through a world gone raving mad,  
The cow was driving John.



V

## SWEET CONFIDENCE.

BY THOMAS B. CHRYSTAL.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD young lady  
Stood near the music stand  
In Central Park, one Sunday,  
With candy in her hand.

She looked around bewildered,  
As if she were afraid;  
Then to a Park policeman  
The little maiden said:

"Do you like candy, mister?"

"No, not a bit," said he.

"Well, then," she cried, "I'll trust you  
To carry mine for me!"

## LITTLE ROGER'S PRAYER.

BY MARGARET DRYSDALE JOHNSON.

THE plumbers all had come one day  
The pipes for natural gas to lay,  
And Roger's eyes, full of amaze,  
Had followed them with wondering gaze.

Of questions he asked many a score,  
And still he fain would ask them more.  
"How could the natural gas turn on?"  
"Would it explode when that was done?"

And so a plumber who was kind  
Tried to instruct that youthful mind.  
He said they dug deep in the ground  
And lo! the natural gas was found.

In pipes they brought it through the streets  
And to the houses that it heats.

You turned the key, the gas then came  
Bursting into a ruddy flame.

But if a little boy should try  
He'd blow the house up to the sky;  
And so the key he must not touch  
Although he'd like to very much.

Poor child! He thought, and thought, and  
thought.

Vainly for comfort now he sought.  
"What if papa or mama dear  
Should be burned up?" He shook with fear!

At last night came and time for bed;  
His little evening prayers he said,  
And finished with: "And please, oh, *please*  
*Don't* let me monkey with the keys!"

## PUSSY MITZ AND DOGGIE SPITZ.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



LITTLE Pussy Mitz  
and little Dog-  
gie Spitz  
Lived in a house  
together.  
She wore a ribbon  
of sky-bluesilk,  
He wore a collar  
of leather.

She liked cream in  
a china dish,

He liked bones in a corner;  
He loved to jump at his master's wish,  
But she was of laws a scorner.

He liked to roll in the garden mud,  
She was as clean as a Quaker;  
He always barked at the butcher's man,  
She humped her back at the baker.

But the joy of both was to curl up and lie  
In their mistress's great arm-chair;

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And each wore the willow when the other  
got the pillow,  
And neither thought the other one fair.

Said little Pussy Mitz, "I shall go into fits,  
If I can't have my corner now!"  
Said little Doggie Spitz, "Pray compose your  
little wits.  
What right have you here, anyhow?"

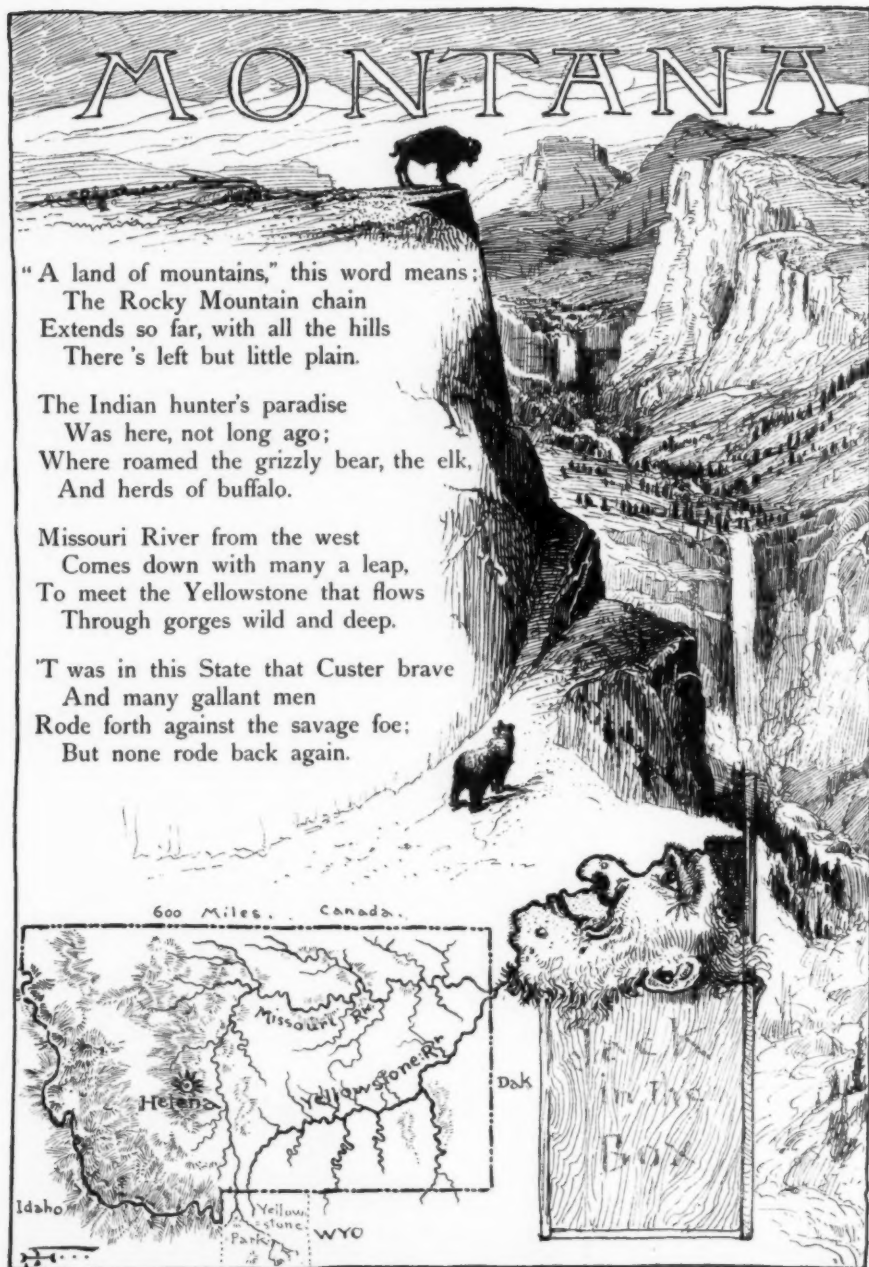
With a "Bow! wow! wow!" and a "Fss!  
fss! fss!"

With a yap and a snap and a snarl and a hiss,—  
Till the mistress came with her great big broom,  
And drove them squabbling out of the room.



# RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



"A land of mountains," this word means;  
The Rocky Mountain chain  
Extends so far, with all the hills  
There's left but little plain.

The Indian hunter's paradise  
Was here, not long ago;  
Where roamed the grizzly bear, the elk,  
And herds of buffalo.

Missouri River from the west  
Comes down with many a leap,  
To meet the Yellowstone that flows  
Through gorges wild and deep.

'T was in this State that Custer brave  
And many gallant men  
Rode forth against the savage foe;  
But none rode back again.

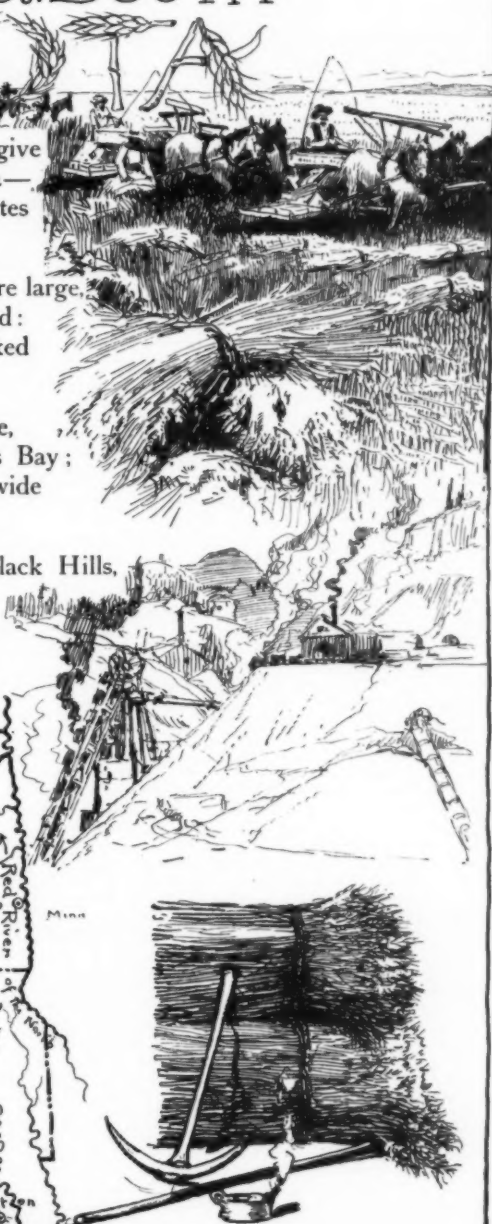
# NORTH & SOUTH

Our stories end: this page we give  
To North and South Dakota—  
Two wide and mostly level States  
Just west of Minnesota.

Here farms are many—some are large;  
And fields of wheat are grand:  
The flour we buy is often marked  
"Dakota Four X brand."

Red River, on their eastern line,  
Flows north, tow'rd Hudson's Bay;  
Our only stream with current wide  
Whose waters run that way.

And here we have the great Black Hills,  
Southwest along the line;  
A region very rough and wild,  
With many a wealthy mine.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

A YOUNG READER of ST. NICHOLAS wishes to know whether any other reader of this magazine can supply the three numbers of "Wide Awake" for December, 1891, February, 1892, and April, 1892. Anyone having those numbers, and willing to dispose of them, will please communicate with the Editor.

BALTIMORE, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just nine years old, but my sisters and I have had you in our family for seven years, and we are all very fond of you.

We generally live in New York in winter, and we go to Massachusetts in summer. I am staying down in Baltimore now with my aunt, and I do not expect to go home for three months—that is, if I do not get homesick. While here my aunt gave me a New Year's eve party, and I met a great many Baltimore children. We only stayed up till nine o'clock, as my aunt thought that was late enough for me. I wanted to lie awake and listen for the New Year bells, but I found I was too sleepy. As I said, we go to Massachusetts in summer, and I am going to tell you about something rather unusual that happened there. My sister Nellie and I were out walking by the side of a little stream that flows through our place, when I stumbled over a stone and cut my hand very badly. Nellie ran to pick me up, and as she did so, the ground gave way, and we found ourselves standing about two feet below the ground on a large flat stone. We were very frightened, but Nellie, who is nearly thirteen and very tall, climbed out, and then lifted me out. When we got up we looked down in the hole and saw that it was a regular pit with a stone floor, and standing stuck into the dirt around the wall were six Indian arrows. We ran home and brought our brother to see it, and he said most likely it was an Indian's grave, and that his spirit would come after us for disturbing his rest; so we ran home and told mama. The next day papa had it explored, and he found a large box; and when they opened it they found a gun which was all in bits, a bow and arrow, and lots of feathers. What do you think it could mean? On one of the arrows there was an inscription and the date 1684.

I must stop now as I am very tired.

Your loving reader, BLOSSOM G. R.—.

MOORHEAD, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for three years, and always ask mama or papa when the twenty-fifth of the month is coming, for that is the day you are published.

We have skating here on the Red River of the North. On our bank of the river the boys make a fire every day.

While down skating to-day I caught a large goose. The goose, when last I saw it, was in a barrel with a box over it.

We live in a medium-sized house. The house was the second plastered in town.

My father is the secretary of the Old Settlers Association of the Red River valley.

While down at Detroit Lake this summer with some friends, I drove over to White Earth Reservation, which is twenty-one miles from Detroit. There I shook hands with White Cloud, son of the late chief of the Chippewa tribe of Indians.

We have for pets a dog eleven years old, and a fox which is nearly two years old.

The dog is known to a great many people in this town. One day, while papa was at a house, Bob (for that is the dog's name) followed him up there. Papa went down to the store, but Bob stayed. Nobody could put him out. So the lady at whose house he was took him up and put his ear to the telephone; then papa whistled. In a minute he was on the floor and at the door. When let out he went down to the store.

Bob has a short tail, so his name suits him exactly.

The fox we caught out on the prairie. His favorite dish is ice cream. He is now fat and "pretty as a picture," so papa says. Pretty near everybody around here knows him. I remain your sincere friend and reader,

HENRY C. M.—.

PARK LANE, LONDON, W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years, and enjoy it very much. I wrote a short poem about our little brother who is two and a half years old, and, if you have room, would you mind printing it?

I am your faithful reader, ELEANOUR N.—.  
AGED TWELVE.

### BED-TIME.

THE sun is sinking in the west,  
The stars shine overhead,  
And Baby Boy has gone to rest  
In his tiny, soft, white bed.

A smile is on his rosy face,  
His brown eyes are shut tight,  
His dimpled hands lie full of grace  
Upon the sheet so white.

Sleep, darling, sleep, till morn doth break;  
Dream happy dreams the while;  
God sends the pretty dreams that make  
The little children smile.

TREBIZOND, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The January number of the ST. NICHOLAS arrived here on Saturday, and though my manuscript did not get a prize, I thank you for mentioning my effort to get one. We have been having some exciting experiences here during the last three months. The October number of THE ST. NICHOLAS came on October 5, and I wrote out "Marion's Adventures" on October 8. Just as I finished it, the massacre began, and about 500 persons were killed that day. The Russian and Austrian steamers were in the harbor that morning, one of which was to go that day, carrying my manuscript. But the Austrian and Russian consuls detained

them here a week in order that foreigners might take refuge on them. At the end of a week a Russian gunboat arrived here, and the steamers went their way. For that reason my letter was made a week late. Our house is filled with Armenians every day who come for relief. We are helping about 5000 people every week.

Your constant reader,

J. H. P.—

BIARRITZ, BASSES-PYRÉNÉES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about an excursion we made yesterday. We went over in a break to St. Jean de Luz, a little seaside place not far from here. We were a party of ten, including a dog, and had great fun. The drive is about an hour long, and as we started at half-past six we got there at half-past seven. We went to visit the town before dinner. It is a very pretty little place, a big, curving beach and esplanade going all along the back of it. At one end the town is on a much lower level than the sea, and only the esplanade keeps the water out at high tide. It seems there have often been inundations there. From the esplanade we went down into the town to see the church and Place Louis XIV. The last is very pretty, being covered with big trees. There is a large casino near the hotel and it seemed very gay, but we did not go in. Altogether we had a very successful expedition. Biarritz is, however, a nicer place, being right on the ocean, and, in consequence, more airy. There is a great deal of bicycling and bathing here and we all go in for it. There are three or four beaches, but the best for swimming is the Port Vieux, as it is shut in more or less in a small bay, and the water is smoother and is safer. The other beaches are more for surf-bathing. It is a very gay little town, and as there are several seasons the place is nearly always full. Just now it is the Spanish season. There used to be bull-fighting at Bayonne (the nearest town to this), but they stopped it the other day all of a sudden, after talking a great deal about it, and seized Mazzantini, the chief espada, in his room at the hotel, the morning the bull-fight was to take place. It caused great excitement among the Spanish people. Mazzantini was banished from France. It seems silly not to have stopped it sooner. I have written to you before and had my letter printed, so I hope to be successful once more. I enjoy your magazine very much and look forward to the first of each month. I thought "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" a very amusing story.

Ever your devoted reader, J. B.—

PLAQUEMINE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in a quaint, French-like old town on the banks of "The Father of Waters," to which our family fled, a few years ago, from the blizzards of Illinois.

Plaquemine (pronounced "Plak'meen"), is, however, not a French but an Indian name, meaning persimmon, and I have been told that no one knows the age of the town, that it was quite an important Indian village when the earliest French settlers came from Acadia.

The windows of my home look out upon "the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi," and we can see the great steamers plying their course upon its sunny waters; and only a stone's throw away is the historic Bayou Plaquemine immortalized by our dear Longfellow. All lovers of "Evangeline" will understand the reference. It was right at this place that

They, too, swerved from their course, and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a net-work of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct and strange were all things around them.

These lines give a true description of the bayou scenery, which is weirdly beautiful, and I think it so wonderful that the poet could picture it so vividly though he had never seen it.

Our favorite picnic grounds are seven miles down the bayou, where the stream is like a broad, limpid river, under picturesque, moss-draped boughs, and where fishing and boating are very fine.

If it were not for making my letter too long I might cite many incidents of the Civil War. The plantation homes and dense cypress swamps about here were resorts for refugees when the Federal gunboats came up the river. My Sunday-school teacher tells how large parties thronged to her grandfather's plantation, and her grandmother would place mattresses all over the floors of the great house.

The children climbed on the roof to watch Farragut's gunboats pass, sometimes wishing the fleet would shell the town, "just for the excitement of it," and felt quite disappointed when the boats passed serenely by, like emblems of peace instead of monsters of war.

The town, however, did occasionally get a taste of shot and shell. At one old mansion where I visit, the places, now mended with plaster, can be plainly seen where a shell went entirely through the house.

CLAIRE M. M.—

NEW ROCHELLE.

MY DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and I guess I enjoy you more than most little girls because my back has always been lame and I have to stay in bed most of the time. My mama gives you to me every Christmas nicely bound, and I read you every day till the next Christmas, when I get a new number of you. I have four little kittens, two marked like tigers, and two plain gray; the tigers are "Toots" and "Boots," and the others are "Jack" and "Jill." I hope you will print my letter, as it has taken me a good while to write; the kits hope you will print it, too. Good-bye. From your best friend,

HESTER C. M.—

FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, and am traveling abroad for a year. I like "The Land of Pluck" the best of all, so I will tell you about it. I went first to Amsterdam, named after Amster, a river, while "dam" means "dike." Holland is mostly dikes, you must know, and along the dikes, and everywhere else except in cities, are many, many windmills. Indeed, in Laandam, a little place near Amsterdam, there are said to be four hundred windmills.

In Broek the streets are all made of little red bricks, very pretty and very clean. We went into a farm-house there, and I had a glass of the sweetest milk. After I had the milk we went into the barn. The barn was under the same roof as the house. It was long and narrow, and had a pretty carpet on the floor. By the cows' stalls, which were on one side, ran a wide iron trough; in this they kept the water for the cows. The stall floors were covered with sawdust, made in pretty patterns, and they had a ring in the wall to tie their tails up on, so as not to get them dirty. It was the oddest and cleanest place I ever saw.

Then we went to Marken. This is the first year they have had a minister or doctor at Marken. There are only two trees on the island. The boys are dressed the same as the girls until they are seven years old, except a little patch on the back of their funny caps and silver buttons at their throats. The silver or gold buttons are

the first present the boys get. They are all to be fishermen some day, and if they were drowned and their bodies were washed up by the great Zuyder Zee, the buttons would pay their funeral bills.

The costume of Marken is odd and pretty. I went into two houses, and will tell you about one of them. It was the largest on the island, but had only three rooms. One was the parlor. On the walls were beautiful old delft plates, all inherited from the man's grandfather. The man had three or four cabinets of dark carved wood, which were very beautiful. The beds they sleep in are built up in the wall, like boxes, and on top is a sort of manger for the babies.

Amsterdam is the largest city in Holland, and the capital, but is not so large as Boston. Once a year the little Queen of Holland comes to Amsterdam and stays a week. She has the most beautiful of palaces there, built in the fifteenth century; it was a town hall at first. Then there are such magnificent picture-galleries. Rembrandt, I think, is the greatest picture-painter there ever was; and Vandyke was also very fine.

At The Hague they wear the prettiest costumes—that is, the women do. Over their hair they wear a large, brass, close-fitting bonnet, which is round and plain, except two funny little bobs on the temples. Over the brass is lace closely fitted on. Under the little bobs is long, full lace, which also goes around the back of the head, only not so full.

Long live ST. NICHOLAS!

Your little ten-year-old American (not Dutch) friend,  
FRANCES P. W.—

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I lived in Washington, D. C., three years and have been to all the important public buildings in that beautiful city.

I went to the Post Office Department with papa. Mr. Wanamaker was postmaster general when Mr. Harrison was president. He gave me a little book and pencil.

Papa took me to one of President Harrison's receptions; as I passed him by he took me up in his arms and kissed me. While we lived there we were but a block from the Korean Legation; the minister would talk to me; they looked something like the Japanese; the minister's wife was a shy, black-eyed woman.

I saw in a number of ST. NICHOLAS a letter about Washington's home on the Potomac River.

This plantation was given to him by his brother Lawrence, and he lived there many years in happiness; the house is two and one half stories high.

I have some acorns from his grave. There is an old man that watches the vault and make souvenirs out of peach-stones and acorns.

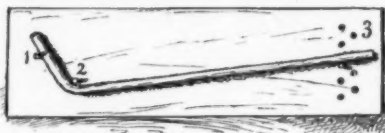
I hope to see this letter published in the magazine.

Very truly yours, GRACE G.—

HERE is a bright boy's description of his way of making shinneys. He says "they are splendid, and will stand anything."

"I get sticks," he writes, "as nearly straight as possible, and bend them at home. I have a board made like this:

There are two wooden pins at one end, at 1 and 2, around which the stick is bent; and at the other end are two rows of holes into which a pin, No. 3, can be put to hold the handle end in place.



BOARD FOR BAKING SHINNEY

"When the sticks (they should be as green as possible) are in place on the board, I put the whole thing in the back of the furnace, where the stick will bake. In about two days the sap is dried out, and the stick will keep its curve.

"Then I take a belt-lace—a leather string about half an inch wide, and one sixteenth of an inch thick—and bind it on the short end. If the stick is split, I bind it with brass wire, putting the leather binding over the wire."

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine for two years now, and I like it very much. On the first of June I am going out to Pasadena, California, and when I come back I will tell you all about it.

I read that story about the "Astonished Snow-man," and I want to tell you that our house is right at the foot of that railway. I have been up on it already, and it is great fun, though it is a little scary.

I am your reader, GARDNER A. M.—

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twin sisters, and are ten years old. We came from South America three years ago, and brought with us our pet parrot "Cora." She has a beautiful tail, three feet long. It has four different colors in it. She is always talking, from morning till night. We have a flower-house made of glass, in which she lives. We put her here because it is among flowers and plants.

We like Oakland very much. The fruit-trees and flowers are all in blossom now. We are your loving readers,  
CARMELITA AND JUANITA D.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Helena S. Dougherty, Elizabeth Campbell, Beneta Conlin, Louise K. Cowdrey, Ada Smith and Mary Fleming, Edna S. and Urania B., Bob Winsor, Ethel McG. Monypeny, Charley B. Cargile, A. Grace Bryant, Bessie Randall, Genevieve J., Carl B. P., Mary Boothroyd, Mary Louise Ely, Louise Ely Garford, K. Kent Hewitt, Robin Myers, James Albert Ayres, Harold M. Bulloway, Celia A. Nicholas, Caroline E. W. Baldwin, Greta S., Gilbert Rosenberg and Sadie Rothschild, Samuel P. B. Tagart, Amber Reeves, Winifred Emily Napier, Earl Hart and Marietta Varallo S., E. C. A. and M. Rose.

# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. Joke. 2. Over. 3. Kegs. 4. Erst. II. 1. Earl. 2. Area. 3. Read. 4. Lady.

### RIDDLE. Quilt.

ZIGZAG. Frederick the Great. Cross-words: 1. Flood. 2. Brown. 3. Cream. 4. Cards. 5. Brace. 6. Carry. 7. Slice. 8. Acorn. 9. Knoll. 10. Stale. 11. Ashes. 12. Babel. 13. Icing. 14. Hurry. 15. Sleek. 16. Japan. 17. Topic.

SEVEN NUTS. 1. Chestnut. 2. Coconut. 3. Butternut. 4. Beechnut. 5. Walnut. 6. Peanut. 7. Doughnut.

SHAKSPEARIAN CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Desdemona. 1. Perdita. 2. Ophelia. 3. Cassius. 4. Macduff. 5. Goneril. 6. Romeo. 7. Antonio. 8. Leontes. 9. Titania.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from M. McG. — Paul Reese — Josephine Sherwood — G. B. Dyer — W. L. — Helen C. McCleary — Gretta Simpson — L. O. E. — Clive — Mabel and Henri — Jo and I — Effie K. Talboys — Two Little Brothers — "Three Brownies" — W. L. and H. A. — Addison Neil Clark — "Cincinnati Duet" — "Jersey Quartette" — Katharine S. Doty — Donald Small — "Edgewater Two" — Sigourney Fay Nininger — Clara A. Anthony — Paul Rowley — "Merry and Co." — Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Mary K. Rake, 2 — Constance Knowles, 1 — Marauder, 1 — Minna T. Jones, 1 — Pauline, 1 — Chas. V. Briggs, 1 — Midget, 1 — Merrick Estabrook, 1 — "Vir Sapiens," 3 — Edith Nesmith, 1 — Bonnie Lesley F., 1 — "We Three," 2 — Milton P. Vore, 1 — Allan P. Bender, 2 — H. D. W. and E. B., 3 — Elizabeth Masten, 1 — Belinda and Charly, 1 — Sanford Etherington, 1 — Daniel Hardin, Jr., 3 — "Puzzler," 4 — M. Margaret Rogers, 1 — Paul Paeschke, 1 — Charles P. Tuttle, 2 — Jessie Buchanan, 5 — C. W. Adams, 7 — Stirling Schroder, 2 — Owen Thomas, 1 — No name, N. Y. city, 1 — Eugene T. Walter, 5 — Nettie May Lovell, 4 — F. Bradley Reynolds, 1 — J. O'Donohue Rennie, 1 — Ralph W. Kiefer, 1 — "Buss Fuss," 1 — G. A. Hallock, 3 — Edward C. Brown, 2 — Lucy and Eddie H., 4 — Walter C. Neely, 1 — Dorothy Fairfield, 1 — Ethel R. Miller, 1 — "Great Grannies," 6 — Marian J. Homans, 4 — Emma Garrison, 1 — Henry Denison Fish, 5 — "Juvenis," 9 — No name, Ellis av., Chicago, 1 — Ethelberta, 6 — Caroline Seals, 1 — Earl and Susie Grantham, 2 — Frances D. Radford, 1 — "Princess Bessie," 2 — Bertha Andrews, 6 — "Daughter Dorothy," 2 — Maymie L., 1 — Frederica Veager, 4 — Robin Myers, 1 — "Sand Crabs," 8 — Marguerite Sturdy, 7 — Papa, Mamma, and Jack, 8 — Lulu C. Shearman, 1 — Helen Louise Brainerd, 5 — E. F. and E. W., 3 — Pehni, 1 — "Kilkenny Cats," 5 — "Trumpet," 7 — Franklyn Farnsworth, 8 — Charles Travis, 7 — "The Butterflies," 7 — Alma L. Knapp, 1 — No name, Towanda, 5 — "Embla," 9 — Olive C. Lupton, 9 — Laura M. Zinser, 6 — M. J. Philbin, 3 — E. C. C. E., 9 — Norman Blake, 1 — Charles Carroll, 8 — G. C. Bonbright, Jr., 2.

## QUADRUPLE SQUARES.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To have a circular motion. 2. A fresh-water bivalve. 3. A disturbance of the public peace by disorderly persons. 4. To mark.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Sound. 2. A Hebrew measure. 3. A mountain mentioned in the Bible. 4. The god of love.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Drift. 2. Above. 3. A wicked Roman emperor. 4. Cupid.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To rend. 2. An old Scandinavian book. 3. An entrance to a mine. 4. Standard.

From 1 to 3 and from 1 to 7, a bird; from 3 to 9 and from 7 to 9, without a beak; from 2 to 8 and from 4 to 6, a dull fellow.

JESSIE THOMAS.

## CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will name a spring holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A son of Venus. 2. A mountain nymph. 3. The god of mockery and censure. 4. The

weight of twelve grains. 5. Household deities. 6. A famous mythological hunter. 7. One of the Muses. 8. The old Italian deity who protected shepherds and flocks. 9. The abode of the shades. 10. The goddess who presided over hunting. 11. A wood nymph.

"CHARLES BEAUFORT."

## DIAMOND.

1. In bayonet. 2. Furious. 3. A kind of joint. 4. In baseball, the pitcher and catcher together. 5. Dis-  
mal. 6. To do wrong. 7. In bayonet.

CHAS. D. REID.

## CHARADE.

When warm suns bring my first again,  
My second will appear;  
But many years have passed by since  
My whole sailed over here.

F. G. NELSON.

## ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left hand letter, will spell the name of a famous Yorkshire school.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A play. 2. Layers of any substance covering another. 3. To go in. 4. Deep respirations. 5. To encounter with courage and fortitude. 6. Sharp points. 7. A source from which supplies may be drawn. 8. Fastening. 9. Foot-coverings. 10. Sarcastic. 11. An old word for baron. 12. Ability to perceive and perform. 13. A kind of type. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

## SUBTRACTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take fifty from a girdle, and leave a wager. Answer, Be-l-i, bet. The subtracted letter is not always in the middle of a word.

1. Subtract fifty from a stop, and leave an article of apparel.
2. Subtract five hundred from funny, and leave a kind of biscuit.
3. Subtract fifty from a jewel, and leave a fruit.
4. Subtract one from a Scotch lord, and leave to stuff with bacon.
5. Subtract fifty from a small basin, and leave a weapon.
6. Subtract one thousand from a servant, and leave to relieve.
7. Subtract five hundred from a scarcity, and leave a planet.
8. Subtract one thousand from something worn by a person who fences, and leave to question.

ALICE RUNNELLS.

## ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the surname of the author of a very famous book.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE letters represented by stars spell the surname of a president of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To purchase back. 2. System. 3. Odors. 4. Domineered. 5. Propelling a boat by means of oars. 6. Finishing.

WINTHROP DAVENPORT FOSTER.

## PI.

COEM ot eht sodow, o gripsn!  
Chout het ragy sinceel, miste eht wrestin  
mogol,  
Lilt eht mid aselis wrog grithb twih dunsed  
moblo  
Dan het rafi chears grin.

Orve het wamdose spas,  
Glifginn hte thalew fo yam sbud, anylift twese,  
Ni ningish landrags dorun het chirlend's fete  
Daim eht grispsning sargs.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

EXAMPLE: Find a city of Italy in a hero of mythology. P-rome-theus.

1. Find a city of France in the decorative harness of a horse.
2. Find a large West India island in to brood.
3. Find an island of the Mediterranean in concealed.

4. Find a famous city of ancient times in that which ruins.
5. Find an island belonging to England in an urgent claim.
6. Find an island near Scotland in an earnest appeal.
7. Find an Asiatic empire in a treacherous scheme.
8. Find a long chain of mountains in secret.
9. Find a long chain of mountains in consisting of more than one.
10. Find a South American city in the highest point.
11. Find a South American city in certain insects.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

## NUMERICAL ACROSTIC.

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12
	13
	14
	15
	16
	17
	18
	19
	20
	21
	22
	23

FROM 1 to 7, a pattern; from 2 to 8, a tropical fruit; from 3 to 9, farewell; from 4 to 10, an island; from 5 to 11, a metal; from 6 to 12, a goddess; from 12 to 18, a range of mountains; from 13 to 19, a famous plant; from 14 to 20, a wading bird; from 15 to 21, tawny green; from 16 to 22, to educate; from 17 to 23, a fish.

FROM 7 to 12, the Christian name, and from 12 to 17, the surname, of a famous writer.

MARY D. KITTREDGE.

## AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

1. In Detroit.
2. A meadow.
3. Traffics.
4. Plants which grow in warm countries.
5. A portable chair.
6. A kind of shoe worn by peasants.
7. A wanderer.
8. Implied, but not expressed.
9. Coins.
10. Animals harnessed to vehicles.
11. Little.
12. Hail or snow, mingled with rain.
13. To permit.
14. In Detroit.

HELEN MURPHY.

## HOUR-GLASS.

MY centrals, reading downward, name a famous poet.  
CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who lived at an earlier period. 2. A seaman. 3. A letter from Denmark. 4. Consumed. 5. An idle fancy.

MARY H. COLLACOTT.





DRAWN BY HARRY ALLCHIN.

THE WOOD DOVE.